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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEK

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FEBRUARY 22, 1956

Vol. 2

FAREWELL TO POOH

MANY people who were children 20 or 30 years ago sighed a nostalgic sigh recently when they heard that A. A. Milne was dead.

Alan Alexander Milne, father of Christopher Robin, creator of Winnie the Pooh, and high priest of whimsy for the young, has suffered something of an eclipse in the scepticisms of the past couple of decades.

But there was a time when no little girl was properly equipped for polite society unless she could lisp, with actions and without r's, "Christopher Robin is thaying his pwayers."

Dorothy Parker, book-reviewing under the name of Constant Reader, started the fashion of scoffing at Milne with her comment after reading one of his books. "Tonstant Weader frowed up," she wrote with devastating brevity.

This shaft of Mrs. Parker's sophisticated wit was hardly fair to much of Milne's work. It was also not true for the thousands of children who were his fans.

Even if his gentle whimsies did occasionally turn the stomachs of the world-weary, to children of the '20s and '30s (and probably of the '50s, too, if they get the chance to meet him) there's something irresistibly appealing about Winnie the Pooh—the bear who "no matter how he tries grows tubby without exercise."

No gun-totin' gangsters, ghastly space monsters, or fur-hatted frontiersmen blast their way through Milne's tranquil pages.

Instead there is, admittedly, sentimentality, but there is also homely good sense and much quiet laughter of a sort children can share and understand.

Milne's admirers, and they're still numerous despite Mrs. Parker, are convinced these qualities in his work will make his stories beloved by children generations hence and will give life to Pooh, his friends, and their creator long after Milne's detractors are forgotten.

Our cover:

● The temperature was over 100° and the sands were almost red hot on staff photographer Bill Carty took this of the Lucke quads and their picnic at Moore Park Beach, six miles from their new farm at Gooburrum, Queensland. It was their first visit to the quads Eric and Kevin (back row), and Jennifer, but, like true Queenslanders they ignored the heat and had a good time.

This week:

● Author Norman Lee, who writes thrillers under the name of Markagan, is looking for a fourth wife. He is in Australia. As you will see in reporter Helen Gordon's story on page 10, Mr. Lee has very definite ideas of the wife he likes in a wife. He also mentioned that he thinks women are at their most attractive in their forties. As a further note of this age group, Mr. Lee admits grey hair if it is well-groomed.

● Though the Queen's tour of North and West Africa has been as well organised as all other Royal tours, there have been several unrehearsed incidents. One occurred at the great Durbar at Kaduna while mounted tribesmen were parading the Royal dais, a Benue province chief magnificently decked with furs and jewels fell off his horse. He was too fat to get up without assistance. Undeterred, and without loss of dignity, he led his Arab through up to the Queen, and made a sweeping bow.

Next week:

● Autumn fashions are in the air and a special fashion section will give you the very latest news, with pictures of models ranging from slim sheath dresses to glamorous evening gowns. Two other color pages will show the new bulky hats straight from Paris.

● Hanging baskets of trailing flowering plants, once common in ferneries, are coming into vogue for indoor decoration. Next week's garden page is devoted to this charming fashion, with suggestions for what to grow and how to grow it.

● Magnificent color shots taken in London for a new drama, "Rains of Ranchipur" are the film feature. Lana Turner and Robert Burton star in the film.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

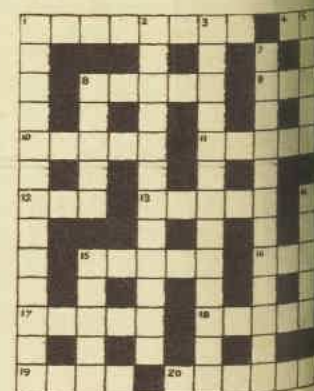
- You get a good book by selecting carefully a hamlet before some papers (6).
- Diamonds with white wine (4).
- Join the French and confuse mentally (5).
- Could not resist the fiery but not friendly approach of Sydney (5).
- Beaten track with a Chinese mile is the birthplace of the Swiss Federation (5).
- I rest with ceremonies (5).
- Melody with gesture (3).
- Cover a fish-hook with a fine wire showing an unfinished sacred river of India (5).
- Is able to make a tin (3).
- Underwood (4).
- scrubbing (5).
- Obviate more than historical periods (5).
- Smite with separate articles (5).
- If it's down you are at home (5).
- Where the oil collects you and I turn to a politician (4).
- I trusted. (Anagr. 8).

REACTIONS BOB
ELRBOUEI
SATIATE PILED
TEMRERO
RAREBORROWED
AESPRIE
INDIAN ROBINS
N S C R M P
TALISMAN SAGA
APNTIGI
RADIO TASTIER
AERELSE
TON TORMENTED

Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

- The head of a family in a parasite film (4, 9).
- Was held up by an old sailor and sat on a stone (7-5).
- Cage in her soul. (Anagr. 8-5).
- Send a mountain range from Panama to C. Horn (5).
- Bohemian ruler often mentioned in yuletide (4, 9).
- You would have been angry thus half a century ago (4, 9).
- Flower in a rest (3).
- To profess from or to sit on.
- Fish with a big handle attached to it (5).



DOWN



The little saint

A short story by **HUGH B. CAVE**

NOW it was dark. The rain fell steadily, and lightning ran like a swift lizard over the West Indian mountain crags.

The girl was very tired. From the ancient walls of Citadelle Laferriere to Cap Haitien and back is a long way, and the mountain paths of Haiti are steep.

The rain soaked the handkerchief on her head and plastered her shapeless grain-bag to her body. It turned the path to mud under her bare, brown feet. She should have rested, to slow the thudding of her heart, but she would not.

"Susanne!" Her father's voice quavered down to her from the high darkness ahead. "Susanne!"

She answered without halting, and presently heard the rattle of stones under his feet as he slid down to her.

A brighter burst of lightning lighted the mountain top and she saw him, a big man groping through the downpour, and above him the monstrous stone fortress built more than 100 years ago by the fabulous King Christophe.

Her father's hand fastened on her arm. "You are late getting home, Susanne. We worried!"

"It was a heavy load I took to market," she reminded him. "All those turnips, beets, melons—I had to rest before starting back."

She did not add that the load had been heavier because of the thing Andre had given her to deliver to the good Father Roland. He would be angry.

He helped her up the almost vertical trail to the yard, and across the yard to the small, thatched-roofed house. Her mother and sisters fussed over her while she listened anxiously to the shrill noise the wind made in the banana grove, and the creaking of the chinked walls that sheltered her.

The wind was strengthening. And Andre's house was not so sturdy as this one.

"No, no," she protested. Her mother was tugging at her sodden dress. "I must go out again!"

They were incredulous. Her father made a rumbling noise only a little less loud than thunder.

"Andre is alone," she pleaded. "He can barely stand since he hurt himself. I have to go to him!"

Her father's face grew grim in the glow of the kerosene lamp. Her mother turned away to show displeasure. Her sisters were silent.

They had no use for Andre. He thought himself too good for the people of the mountain, they said. Ever since the day, five months ago, when Pere Roland and the American had stopped by, and the American had paid two dollars for the wood carving of La Citadelle, Andre had behaved like a fool. So they said.

Once they had liked him. Once they had been pleased when Susanne talked of becoming his wife.

But that was before he quit the village and went higher up the mountain to live in a miserable shanty under the very shadow of La Citadelle's grey walls. That was when he worked hard in his field—harder than most young men—and was gay and clever at the dances on Saturday nights.

Now he sat and whittled. All day, every day, he sat by himself and carved wooden replicas of Christophe's fortress for the tourists in Cap Haitien. And when unkind things were said about him he had but one answer: "I make money, don't I?"

"Is money everything?" her father had asked him once. "I'm poor enough, but I'm respected."

Andre had not answered. But always when

Andre was half crippled with his injured leg, and Susanne's only thought was to help him as much as possible.

To page 58

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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Instalment three of a five-part serial

The Golden Journey

By **AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL**

PAUL DEVEREUX, rising young lawyer with political aspirations, angrily rejects the amazing proposal put to him by the wealthy, influential **JAMES KIRKLAND**. This is that Kirkland will back Paul to the limit of his resources if Paul will marry his daughter **ANNE**, who has remained mysteriously paralysed following a car accident. Kirkland made the proposal after hearing from **DR. HERTZOG** of a similar case that was cured by extreme suffering in childbirth.

Consenting at least to meet Anne, however, Paul falls genuinely in love with her and their courtship is proceeding very happily when she suddenly refuses to see him again. Neither her father nor her grandmother,

MRS. CATHERBY, can induce her to confide in him about it.

Meanwhile, Paul's political career is progressing well. He makes a very good impression on associates to whom Kirkland introduces him, and, working in conjunction with **JOHNNY BOVARD**, he is to deliver a big Memorial Day address.

He is concerned, however, when **MR. HARTWELL**, senior partner of his law firm, warns him against Kirkland, and very distressed when he sees evidence that Kirkland's right-hand man, **ARNO MALLOTTE**, is in league with the gangster-racketeer **CAMPONELLI**. Kirkland dismisses this lightly when Paul speaks of it. **NOW READ ON:**

ON a bright May morning Arno rose early and spent the better part of two hours in dressing. As a rule he managed it in fifteen minutes. Today he showered and shaved with slow, meticulous care; he tried on three shirts before one suited him, and then was lost in endless consideration of neckties.

The bright red, which he favored, was so striking that it would at once arouse the suspicions of Sayles, and he wished to avoid that. It was necessary to play along with her.

At last he settled upon a light blue with a red diamond design. He tied it natively and watched his reflection in the mirror with a certain complacency. Not bad, eh? Especially to call on a girl who couldn't expect anything better.

Ever since the day he had learned from Kirkland that the doctors said Anne would never walk again, a great determination had become fixed in his heart. Fate had played into his hands. From a height to which he could only regard her with hidden and impossible longing, she had been suddenly brought down by her incapacity to his own levels. Even, judged by old Water Street standards, below it.

She was helpless and he was a man, virile and vigorous. If he was willing to marry her as she was, wouldn't she have everything to gain? Every girl wanted to marry.

In spite of his inner elation and resolve, he had let weeks go by before gathering his courage to do anything about it. After long thought he had decided to work it through Kirkland himself. So a few days ago, after Sayles had left the office, he had approached the Chief.

"You know," he began, praying the red would not come up in his face, "I keep thinking about Miss Anne's trouble. I'd like to take her a few flowers some day. Do you think she'd see me? Around five, maybe?"

The Chief had looked at first startled and then greatly touched.

"Why, that's very good of you, Arno. Of course she'll be glad to see you. I'll speak of it to her tonight. I appreciate this myself, Arno."

"Just let me know the day and I'll be there."

So this afternoon had been set and he hadn't been obliged to arrange it himself, thereby perhaps saying the wrong thing. He had ordered the flowers a day ago. They would be ready for him to pick up about four-thirty. Nothing but the best for Anne, and, besides, it would do no harm to show her he had money, too—that he wasn't merely a hireling, but a man in his own right.

At the thought of the money, however, he instinctively drew his hand across his brow. That last set-to with Camponelli had been a close shave for him, all right. Before that everything had run as smooth as silk except for two uncomfortable questions. Once the Chief had said to him, "Say, don't you realise these fellows will have to shake down more for us if they expect to get their men elected?" And Camponelli: "Look, how much do you gougers think we'll stand for?"

Along the way, Arno's various bank accounts had swelled slowly but perceptibly. Well, he had things under control for the present.

When he reached the office that morning Sayles eyed him with undisguised admiration.

"You look pretty snappy, I must say."

"Well, thanks, and the same to you." You had to keep old Sayles buttered up.

He went out at four, as he often did on various confidential errands, while she was closeted with the Chief, and this time made his way to the florist's. The box was large and so was the bill. Very. But Arno paid it with a flourish.

"I hope you'll like the arrangement?" the florist said. "You're sure we didn't misunderstand you? You didn't want a bouquet?"

"No; just spread out, sort of," Arno assured him.

"Well, looks like a wedding to me, anyway," the florist smiled.

Arno grinned back widely, and seemed to grow several inches taller as he left the shop. He managed to arrive at the Kirkland home at exactly five. "For afternoon calls with or without invitation to cocktails, five has become the generally accepted hour."

So said the etiquette book, which recently became his nightly fare.

Hackett, who opened the door, had two quite distinct attitudes toward those who crossed the Kirkland threshold. Both were unimpeachably correct. The one, however, made guest feel that by right of birth he merited the world and all within it; the other, that the person arriving was upstart whose entrance was permitted only by the completely undeserved grace of god and Hackett himself.

As Arno inquired for Mrs. Anne, he was treated to a liberal dose of the latter. As a result he felt as he had been ushered towards the library; the tie was flashy, his face perspiring, his knees unsteady.

Anne was seated in a low chair at a table with a book in her lap. Arno's heart turned completely as he looked at her. She was different than when he had last seen her; she ran down the stairs that night in her red dress, and a little older looking, maybe, but, oh, how lovely. Not like any other girl he had ever seen. Sort of delicate, beautiful like something a man's hand could break the way he would a stalk.

"How do you do, Arno?" she told me you were stopping in. That is nice of you."

He was shaking hands, his face knew, as red as a turkey wattle, could smell a sweet scent as he came over her. It seemed to come from her hair. It, at least, was just the same Goldish, with a shine on it.

"Well, how are you, Miss Anne?" he heard his voice, a little too big and heavy. He was holding his box awkwardly, and suddenly laid it on his knee.

"I just brought you a few flowers." He stood while she undid the box and took off the lid. Within, row on row, were white orchids. His amazement was unfeigned.

"Arno! Oh, you shouldn't have done this! Why, I've never seen so many in all my life!"

"You haven't?" Arno asked delightedly.

"No; they're incredible! What a gift! How can I thank you?"

She looked up at him then and



"You're carrying me over the threshold in reverse," the guests heard Anne say gaily to Paul.

of the purple and had chosen white only because they were more expensive. "Well, I'm glad you like these."

Miss Davis entered, introductions were made, and Anne selected one orchid, which she fastened to her dress, and handed the box to Davy with a steady countenance.

"Perhaps a wide, low, glass bowl, and, when they are arranged, would you please bring them back here? And, oh, do sit down, Arno," she added as Miss Davis left the room with her exoric burden. "I suppose you and Father are busy running things as usual?"

"Well," Arno said, his confidence returning, "we manage to keep pretty busy. The coal works aren't going as strong as they did a few years ago—some of the veins are worked out—but it's still a pretty good business."

"And politics?" Anne said, smiling.

"Oh, we still dabble in that a little. Just got our man nominated for Governor. The Chief—I mean your father—he's always got a few tricks up his sleeve. I mean in a nice way, that is."

Anne laughed, and Arno felt a tremor go through his body. "Steady," he thought, "don't go and give yourself away too soon."

"I must tell Father how loyal you are! Have . . . have you any new bright lights showing up in the political field?" she asked, looking carefully at the bowl of orchids which Davy was placing on the table beside her.

Arno was pleased. It was a lot easier to talk to her than he had expected, and she evidently was impressed with the flowers.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess young Devereux is about the only new one your father's got under his wing right now. Ever heard of him?"

"I . . . yes, I have," Anne agreed. "How's he doing?"

"He seems all right, though we still don't know too much about him. The way your father just picked him out of a hat from hearing him make a short speech surprised me. I suppose he knows what he's doing, though. He usually does. And Devereux does have a lot on the ball. I'll tell you, though, the trouble with these handsome, bright boys. At least the way I look at them."

"Yes?" Anne prompted eagerly.

"Well, you see, take a young, good-looking fellow like Devereux, now. He thinks he's going in for a political career. But he's the kind that gets in the social swim sooner or later, gets married, and then as likely as not

his wife won't like the political mix-up. She'd rather he stuck to law and made some money and stayed home nights. You know. I think he's not the type you can depend on for our business. Of course, time will tell."

"Have you seen any evidence of . . . of what you fear?" Anne asked, very carefully.

"Oh, I don't know anything about his private life. He runs around a lot with Johnny Bovard, and he's in the social top drawer, all right. And I've seen him out a couple of times with Johnny's sister, Good-looking girl. Well, just surmise on my part, that's all."

Hackett came in with a tray and set it down condescendingly. There was more chat over the drinks and then Arno noticed Miss Anne looked tired and very white.

"I guess I'd better be on my way," he said suddenly. "Hope I haven't stayed too long."

"Not at all," Anne said, forcing a smile. "And I do so thank you for the orchids. Wait till Father sees them!"

Arno left in a near ecstatic state. It had all gone so much better than he had even dared to hope. Why, he could talk to her almost as easy as to old Sayles! He hadn't said anything about going back. He'd let things ride for a while. Best not to push it. Besides, with her, it was safe enough to wait. No rivals now.

His breast swelled with his secret and his assurance. He'd heard about young Lamson, how he'd been practically engaged to her until the accident, and then dropped her like a hot potato. Well, in a way you couldn't blame him, young fellow like that. Now, as to himself . . . the hot blood rushed to his face until his eyes felt blinded by it.

It wouldn't matter to him whether she could walk or not . . . if he could just have her . . .

When he was gone, Anne sat very still in her chair, staring at the spot where Arno had been sitting. So she had been right in her recent thinking about Paul. She had guessed it even before this man had pointed it up with his own observations. She should not be surprised. She was only thankful—oh, so thankful—that she had taken the initiative when she did. Now, at least, she had her pride left, intact, undamaged. Such a small, pitiful residue from the flame, but something.

White, cold, stone-still as an image, her heart dead, she

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Page 5

backed away a little. He must watch himself or he might spoil everything. Her eyes . . .

"Oh, it's nothing," he said. "I'm glad you like them. He couldn't keep the pride, though, out of his voice."

"I'll ring for my nurse and get her to arrange them." Anne was looking back now at the orchids, still with a rather stunned expression.

"Would you want to pin one on?" asked Arno eagerly. "Or a couple, maybe?"

"Of course," Anne agreed. "It's so wonderful that these are white. I have a regular thing about purple orchids. I don't care for them."

"You don't?" Arno was overcome with relief as one who has been too near a precipice. For he had thought first

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Teenager short short story by an
18-year-old Sydney stenographer

EVE and ADAM

By MARGO SUTTON

MR. BRIGGS sat on the front lawn with his paper, feeling acutely uncomfortable. He knew that behind him, inside the house, his daughter was lying on her stomach across her bed, her head glued to a slit in the venetians, watching the Boy Next Door innocently mow his lawn.

Sarah was an attractive seventeen-year-old, with short, dark hair and vibrant green eyes; in fact, the only thing wrong with her was that she was going through what her mother called The Worst Stage. In her words, she had discovered sex.

It had all started a few months ago when Mr. Briggs had answered the telephone to hear a croaking, embarrassed male voice with a range of about three octaves ask Sarah, please. He had handed the phone to his daughter, who looked as though she was suddenly in the last stages of complete paralysis, and thought no more of it until he found himself inexorably drawn into the frightening game of teenage Daughter Finding Boy-friends.

After the first terrible rebellion he had become more or less resigned to his new mode of living, as most fathers eventually do, and now accepted the procession of crew-cuts and hot-roads with only an occasional quizzical frown to his wife. But when the new neighbors moved in he looked at Sarah with horror and thought of moving to another State.

They had arrived only a couple of weeks ago, at a very opportune moment. The whole of the Briggs family, including Sarah, were out on the front patio one Saturday morning when a large removalist's van stopped at the empty house and commenced to unload furniture. A few minutes later a car drew up and the new family poured out.

Mr. Briggs had thought they looked like pretty decent neighbors. The man and his wife were about his age, there were two small kiddies, and—Mr. Briggs froze. Out from the car had emerged a tall, bronzed, handsome youth of about nineteen. Slowly he turned his head. He knew exactly what he was going to see. His daughter was sitting bolt upright, with parted lips, and a dazed, almost incredulous look of delight on her face.

"Sarah!" he said sharply. "Stop staring like an idiot."

Sarah had looked right through him. "Be back in a moment," she murmured, and disappeared. Mr. Briggs turned to his wife, who looked only slightly perturbed.

"Do you see what's come next door, Jean?" he demanded.

Mrs. Briggs smiled. "Nice-looking lad, isn't he?" she said.

Her husband groaned. "That's just the point! All the others look as if they've escaped from the zoo. Now that there's a good-looking one within striking distance she'll go berserk! She'll make an absolute fool of herself and us!"

Placidly, Mrs. Briggs turned over another page. "There's absolutely nothing we can do about it, dear. We'll just have to bear it. It's nature."

Mr. Briggs had already opened his mouth for a forcible reply when Sarah wafted out again. He gazed at her in amazement. In ten minutes she had changed from grubby shorts and shirt to a full-skirted cotton dress, high-heeled sandals, and earrings.

Blandly she returned his gaze, sauntered out to the front steps, and gracefully settled herself in full view of the house next door. Mr. Briggs was about to let forth with a full-throated roar when a glance from his wife turned it into a voiceless snarl.

That was the first time he had been forced to restrain himself with a mighty effort. Since then his self-control had been stretched almost to breaking point. Every evening when he came home from work he saw as he rounded the corner the distant figure of his daughter in the front garden, dressed in her daintiest frocks or smartest sports wear, picking out imaginary weeds or poking at the flower-bed with a trowel, elaborately oblivious of the figure on the lawn next door, who was usually running the lawnmower up and down with a masterful display of muscles.

The worst part of it all, as Mr. Briggs groaned to his wife after Sarah had gone to bed, was that the boy was entirely oblivious of the whole affair. He knew how boys felt at nineteen—they were innocent, unwary young animals, with not a thought of scheming females in their brains. He knew—he had been a boy himself.

"The boy's parents—they must think we're a fine couple to have a daughter pushing herself on their son's notice like a brazen hussy—they probably sit behind their window every evening watching her 'weed the garden!' I can just imagine how that lad's father feels—I'm almost ashamed to say good-morning to him!"

"That's a pity," his wife remarked. "I was talking to his wife today. She seems a nice person; intelligent and most understanding. Here she allowed a rather aggravating smile to flit across her features before continuing. 'I asked them

over for a drink on Sunday afternoon."

Her husband's reaction was immediate. "Sarah must go out. All day preferably."

Mrs. Briggs raised her eyebrows. "That would be rather pointless, wouldn't it?" she remarked. "They're bringing Paul—that's the boy—over as well."

When Sarah was told of the Great Visit she directed one look of adoring thanks to her mother, and then became extremely business-like. "What do you think I ought to wear? The pink-striped cotton or my yellow sunfrock?"

By the time the Jervis family hove in sight up the path Mr. Briggs was a nervous wreck. Mr. Jervis, he noticed, looked a trifle worn also. Probably worrying about his son's future. Sarah, he saw with aversion, was eyeing the boy with acute interest and speculation.

When the first hearty greetings were over Mr. Jervis turned to his son, hitherto standing large and mute in the background.

"Sarah, this is my son Paul—maybe you share some of his peculiar tastes in records," he said, glancing at his son with a rather ferocious look of warning on his face. Mr. Briggs' heart lifted in sympathy as he watched Sarah lead Paul out of the room like a lamb going to the slaughter.

Mr. Jervis said wistfully. "That's a fine girl you have there—so demure and charming."

Mr. Briggs bristled. After all, she was his daughter, and she had been

a fine girl up to about twelve . . . there was no need for sarcasm.

"Maybe she'll be able to help Paul a little," continued Mr. Jervis. "He's going through The Worst Stage, isn't he, dear?" He turned to his wife.

"Rather," she said cheerfully. "He's discovered girls. Very natural, though, and quite enjoyable, if I remember rightly."

Mr. Jervis gave a wan smile. "Goodness knows what effect he'll have on your daughter. I can see she's a sweet, unspoiled lass—like they used to breed them in the old days." He sighed.

"I've been suffering agonies ever since I came here watching him perform like a monkey in front of her. Out on the lawn every night like a grounded trapeze artist on the end of that lawnmower while your girl gets on with her digging and never even notices he's there . . . he was a good boy, though, up to a few years ago." He sighed again.

Mr. Briggs had the glazed expression of one who has changed several of his fixed principles of thought in a few seconds.

"Perhaps you're being a bit harsh," he said vaguely. "Boys will be boys, you know." With more conviction, "Your wife's right, it's a most enjoyable stage if dealt with

Sarah picked out imaginary weeds, elaborately oblivious of the figure on the next lawn.

wisely and understandingly. Perhaps Sarah's going through it, too—I'm sure she's a normal sort of a girl."

In the middle of a fine flow of words he suddenly caught his wife's eye and blushed furiously. She was wearing that same Mona Lisaish grin . . . he looked at Mrs. Jervis. She had an identical expression.

"Let's all have a drink, shall we?" he said feverishly.

Mr. Jervis had opened his mouth to reply when a tremendous burst of sound hit them like a thunder-clap. Mr. Briggs smiled sourly. It was his daughter's favorite jazz record. A fine, old-fashioned girl, eh? He looked curiously at Mr. Jervis and saw with a jolt of surprise that he was nodding with a kind of unhappy recognition.

"Paul's got it, too," he mouthed above the yells and squeals of laughter accompanying the earth-shattering noise. Above their wives' heads the two men exchanged a sad smile of comradeship, and with unspoken consent went in search of the drinks.

(Copyright)

STING IN THE TAIL

She was a novelist, he was her publisher . . . a charming and romantic story

By DOROTHY EDE
ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHRO



"You know the rules," said Mrs. Bond sternly to Angela. "No visitors after 11 p.m."

NICHOLAS was at Antibes when the letter came from Uncle Humphrey. Nicholas had to skim through three pages of family news and chat about the weather before he came to the point which was contained in the last paragraph.

"Business is bad. Sales are falling off everywhere. Robbins is being ruthless with our new list. By the way, Nicholas, Angela Martin is a friend of yours, isn't she?" (Was, Nicholas muttered. Past tense, dear uncle.) "Nice girl, I remember. We have her new manuscript, but I'm afraid, in view of the mediocre sales of her first book, we can't take up our option. I'm extremely sorry about this. I think she shows promise. But Robbins is absolutely ruthless.

"Since she was your discovery I thought it might be a nice gesture if you personally explained the position to her. She lives in some little village in Sussex, Longlands I think it is called. When you come back you might drop down and see her, or get her up to London and take her out somewhere. It's a great pity writers are such sensitive people, especially when they are pretty girls . . .

Nicholas gave a short hoot of laughter. Angela sensitive . . . The little village . . . Too bad about her new book . . . She might have to pawn her tiara . . .

Then depression settled on him. This was the last day of his vacation. He was due back in London at the end of the week. And his first job was seeing Angela again.

It was to his credit that when there was something difficult or unpleasant to be done Nicholas did it at once. The day after he arrived back in London he caught a train down to Longlands. Then he began to think of Angela.

It had started on the evening of Marion's party two years ago when he had been so confident that, as the junior member of the firm of Halstead and Turner, he was going to discover a best-seller.

Marion had said, "Nick, you must meet Angela Martin. She writes awfully well. She had a short story in the 'Script,' and now she's writing a book," and Nicholas, expecting the usual type of intense young lady with straight hair and glasses, had found himself looking into Angela Martin's shy but sparkling eyes.

He began to talk rather a lot, as he did when he was both nervous and excited. Pretty girls always made him nervous, but in a pleasant, tingling way. He began to discuss the short story, admitting how the end always baffled him. "I can write a beginning and a middle," he said, "but the end never comes out the right way."

"With a sting in the tail?" queried Angela. "Exactly." He liked the way her eyes sparkled, as if she would laugh a lot.

"This is the beginning," he heard himself saying.

"What did you say?" she asked.

Nicholas, glad the next moment that she hadn't heard that extraordinary impulsive statement of his, said, "I'd like to talk about your book, Miss Martin. May I take you home?"

It turned out that she lived in Bayswater, only four blocks away, so they walked across the corner of the park and down the misty streets. At the door of the house where she rented two rooms Angela asked him if he would like to come up for a cup of coffee.

Nicholas found himself wanting to accept her invitation. He wanted to talk to her longer. "Would it be all right for me to come up? Your landlady doesn't have rigid rules?"

Angela laughed. "She makes eleven o'clock her deadline. It isn't that yet." Then she said a little anxiously, "My rooms are awfully simple. I had to live on two hundred pounds while I wrote my book."

Nicholas halted. "Am I being asked up to your awfully simple rooms for coffee because you're writing a book?"

Again she laughed, that low laugh with note of delicious humor. "Don't be alarmed. I haven't yet reached the stage where I have to bribe or coerce my publisher. Even one could do that just with coffee. But of course the day may not be far distant when I have to stoop to such deplorable ends. Go along. I live upstairs."

The rooms were shabby. That was all right. The girl had two hundred pounds and was writing a book. Naturally she would have the sense to live in inexpensive rooms. The thing that puzzled Nicholas was that though Angela had plenty of personality she had brought none of it into her living quarters. There was not so much as a photograph to give her any background.

She sat on a cushion in the middle of a room with its lodging-house furniture, drinking her coffee, and she might have fallen from the skies. She was a mystery. If she was going to be Nicholas' literary discovery he was going to have to find out her history and build her up. He guessed she came from some well-to-do poor family, her father a country solicitor perhaps a parson. He would feel his way to her. She was sensitive. And yet most of the time he had the odd feeling that she was laughing at him. He hoped it was not so.

"Where do you come from?" he asked. Did she hesitate slightly? He couldn't be sure. "From Sussex. A little place called Longlands."

"And you've never lived in London before?"

"Not lived here. More coffee, Nicholas?"

"No, thank you. Will you let me show my round while you're in town?"

Again she seemed to hesitate. "I'm not to write a book."

"You can't work all day and night. Will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

"Well—if you will make it somewhere simple. I've nothing to wear."

That old feminine cry was familiar, whereas it had always been a moan of discontent when he had heard it previously. Nicholas really believed that this was a simple statement of truth. The heady excitement was stirring him again. He had a sudden desire not only to publish this girl's book and make it a success but to buy her evening gowns, jewellery, and flourish her before the world as his discovery.

"I know a little place where the food is good. I'll call for you at seven." Somewhere the clock struck. Angela sprang up.

"My goodness, that's twelve o'clock. You have to go, or I'll be in trouble with Mrs. Bond."

"Is she as bad as that?"

"Worse. And she has awfully sharp eyes. Nicholas, would you take off your shoes?"

"Eh?"

"Just to go down the stairs. I'm sorry, but I had awful trouble getting these rooms and I must keep them until my book is finished."

Nicholas had had thoughts of kissing her good-night, just gently because she was so young and shy. Instead, he found himself unlacing his shoes and taking them off while Angela held the door open and whispered, "The third stair from the top creaks badly. Step right over it. And don't bang the front door."

He tried not to feel ridiculous as he picked up his shoes and began tiptoeing to the head of the stairs. "Good-night," he whispered. "Tomorrow night at seven." (Tomorrow night he would kiss her, in the taxi coming home. Or in the shadow of the doorstep. With dignity. Not with a shoe in each hand and her merry eyes laughing at him.)

"The third step," Angela cautioned, and at the same moment a door along the landing opened and a sharp voice exclaimed, "What's that? What's going on?"

Lights flashed on, and Nicholas, petrified, standing in his stocking feet like a small boy caught stealing from the wardrobe, was aware of an elderly woman wrapped in an enormous dressing-gown advancing towards him.

His first hope was that Angela would have the sense to shut herself in her room out of sight, but of course she didn't. She came out full of serene dignity and, as if it were a formal introduction in daylight, she said, "Mrs. Bond, this is my friend, Mr. Turner. This is Mrs. Bond, my landlady, Nicholas."

Mrs. Bond pointedly ignored the introduction. She turned her pale protruding eyes on Angela and said, "Miss Martin, you know the rules of this house. No male visitors after eleven."

"It was my fault, I kept Miss Martin talking," Nicholas said in, with as much dignity as he could muster.

Angela put her hand on the formidable dressing-gowned woman. "It's perfectly all right, Mrs. Bond. Nicholas is a publisher. We had a lot to talk about."

"Oh. He's going to print your book, is he?" Plainly Mrs. Bond was deeply impressed by learning. She began to relax. "Well, I must say he looks like a gentleman. But gentleman or not, Miss Martin, it's against the rules. You've had your warning. Now see him off the premises and discuss your book writing in the daytime in future."

With these instructions she turned and went back to her room. Angela flew down to Nicholas and tucked her arm inside his arm.

"It's all right, Nicholas. She thinks you're a gentleman."

"Thank you," Nicholas muttered ineptly. He was still not with embarrassment, but he derived some comfort from Angela's hand within his arm as he went down the remaining stairs and reached the front door. Then suddenly he was aware that Angela was trembling and he forgot his own discomfort as he realised what it would have meant to her if she had been ordered ignominiously to leave the house.

"You poor kid, it's all my fault," he began impulsively.

"Nicholas," she gasped, "N-Nicholas! You're still carrying your shoes."

And he saw that she was laughing, laughing so uncontrollably that she could scarcely speak. At him. Because he provided such an absurd spectacle, tiptoeing out into the street carrying his shoes, like a burglar, or an illicit lover.

"Nicholas, you look so—so adorable."

Nicholas thrust his feet into his shoes and tied the laces. He had never felt quite so ridiculous in all his life. The whole absurd episode would only have been tolerable if he hadn't laughed.

"I'm glad it amuses you," he said stiffly.

"And how did you like the little author?" his sister Marion asked at breakfast. Her eyes were twinkling as he asked the question, as if she found something about which to be amused. But surely she couldn't have known about last night's ridiculous farce.

"All right," he said shortly. "How did she happen to be here last night? Where did you meet her?"

"Oh, at Julia's," said Marion vaguely. "I thought she was a charming little thing. Are you seeing her again, Nicholas?"

Once more Nicholas was aware of Marion's amused smile. "I may recommend that we publish her book. It seems as if it will be fairly good stuff."

"Oh," said Marion. She poured a cup of coffee and passed it to him. "What a mind you have for business, Nicholas. What a mind!"

He had no idea whether, after last night's episode, Angela would still want to come to dinner with him. As he had no means of finding this out—he refused to ask Marion for her telephone number, since that would merely provoke more satirical remarks from his sister—there was no alternative but to call at seven as he had arranged.

He found Angela, in a simple navy-blue cotton frock with a white rose tucked in the belt, waiting for him.

"Do you still want to come?" he said, his composure once more cruelly deserting him.

Her face was serious, though there was still that undercurrent of laughter in her voice.

"Do you still want to take me?"

"Naturally."

"I'm sorry I laughed at you last night, Nicholas. I have a treacherous sense of humor."

"That's all right," he said. He didn't mean his voice to sound as stiff as it did. "How is Mrs. Bond today?"

"Oh, she couldn't be nicer. She knew you were a gentleman the moment she set eyes on you, she said. Only a gentleman would think to take off his shoes so that he couldn't disturb the house! And a publisher, too! So clever!"

"That's very generous of Mrs. Bond, relaxing her principles for you and me." You and me sounded nice—but he still couldn't quite laugh at the stupid incident. "I thought I might go to a little place I know in Soho. They specialise in oysters. Do you like oysters?"

"Adore them. This will be heaven. I've worked all day. If you hadn't come I would be having toast and cheese or something like that."

Nicholas looked at her sparkling, but too-thin, face. All his protective instincts were aroused again. This girl needed looking after. She was poor, lonely, talented—and extremely pretty. It was going to be both pleasant and stimulating



Nicholas was petrified, standing in his stocking feet while Angela looked anxiously at her landlady.

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Pure white Softasilk is the only soap that actually contains a beauty cream to replace natural skin oils every time you wash. The fragrant, cream-laden lather softens your skin as it cleanses, making it smoother, softer, younger. Change to Softasilk Cream Mild Soap to give your skin that lovely "cared-for" look.



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LEGS
TOO!

Keep sun-tanned legs silky-smooth and hair-free all through summer with wonderful Veet.

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

PERHAPS I am just a "modern woman" who thinks a husband should help his wife in the home. I could not see any justice in the morning arrangements in our home. As we lived in flats, my babies' nappies had to be washed early or not till dinnertime. I found myself scurrying from washtub to stove trying to get nappies washed and the table set while my husband either slept in or read the paper. I know he didn't worry about the nappies, but he did worry about his breakfast.

One morning, after putting on the porridge, I went to the laundry and stayed there till the washing was finished. As the time slipped by, I could hear my husband setting the table, stirring the porridge, and making toast. I didn't say anything, but my washing was done in time every morning, and, with my husband helping, breakfast was on time also, without any rush.

£1/1/- to "Happy Happy" (name supplied), Mutchibla, Qld.

MAYBE I am odd, but a man who doesn't drink or smoke would certainly not be my idea of an "ideal husband." I very much enjoy having a glass of beer and a cigarette with my husband. In fact, if he didn't drink, I would never have met him. Personally, I think meanness the worst fault a man can have, and there is no cure for that.

10/6 to "Ideal" (name supplied), Atherton, Qld.

WHY is it that some men prefer giving their services freely to all kinds of "working bees" rather than doing necessary jobs round the house? My husband is one of them. He will work hard at weekends mixing concrete, etc., for all kinds of voluntary projects, while I fix the fences and am the "handy man" at home.

10/6 to J.B. (name supplied), Tumburumba, N.S.W.

THERE was some criticism about Prince Charles a little while ago, referring to the way his hair is done and his shoes. In my opinion, I think that the way he does his hair is very neat, and his shoes suit him. I also think that the way he dresses is very nice, and there is nothing sissy about him.

10/6 to Robert Donald, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

WHY do women make themselves so hideous with lipstick? Most seem to think that the thicker it is plastered on the better they look. Some indulge in fancy lip shapes, irrespective of the natural shape. They are wrong. Put a little on, but keep to the natural shape. See that the shade suits as well. Some women plaster on colors that make them seem to have heart disease and repel instead of attract.

10/6 to Gregg Burlison, North Clayton, Vic.

IN reply to "Garden Lover" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 1/2/56), I think gardening is for the husband. If the wife does her part and keeps the interior clean and tidy, does the cooking and sewing, as well as looking after the children, she would have little time to do much gardening. There is a little bit of the day that could be spent for looking after a few pot-plants. Otherwise I come to it is the husband's duty to do the rest.

10/6 to "Matilda" (name supplied), Griffith, N.S.W.

Holiday jobs

THERE is a lot of truth in C. Clarke's statements in Australian Women's Weekly, 1/2/56) about men and their holiday-time jobs, but often it is necessary from financial point of view. The best brains and highest ambitions are not necessarily found in the wealthiest families. Sons and daughters of wage-earners usually have to make themselves if they choose a career that entails years of study. The money earned during the long Christmas holidays will at least pay for school requisites for the next year, possibly clothes as well. And as for those "retreat students," they would probably be happier and give better service if they stayed right in that well-paid holiday job.

10/6 to "One Parent" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

OUR family problem was to find a way to give ourselves and our young family an annual, inexpensive seaside holiday. We wanted it to be free from the bondage incurred when boarding, so we saved what we could, bought a small piece of land at the seaside, and built a small place which we added to as time and money allowed. What a blessing it has proved, as we have a family of seven. Not only have we always spent our holidays there but our married sons and daughters are free to use it for their holidays. Now that we are near to retiring age we have decided, when the time comes, to make this little holiday house our home.

£1/1/- to E. C. McCormack, Launceston, Tasmania.

Ross Campbell writes...

"DID you read what Anita Ekberg said?" asked Bert the barber. I had just sat down in the chair.

"No. Who is she?" I said.

"She's one of these film actresses that don't act—like Eva Bartok. A fine-looking girl, she is. The papers say she moves like a languid cobra."

"I'm not sure I'd like that."

"Maybe not. But if you're going to get mixed up with a cobra, I daresay a languid one would be best."

"I suppose so. And what does she say?"

"Well, she says she's sick of hearing about her measurements—39-24-39, I think they are. She wants to be something more than measurements, she says."

"That seems sensible."

"Exactly what I think. Will you move your head this side, sir? That's right. No, I can't see that a girl's measurements are that important. I've never put a tape-measure to a girl in my life. And I've known a good few, I don't mind telling you."

"I don't doubt it."

"It's not just the Little Man's

FIGURE OF SPEECH

point of view. Take all these great lovers you hear about. Can you see Romeo telling Juliet he was mad about her because her measurements were 40-20-40?"

"It doesn't seem likely."

"Of course it's not. This whole racket about girls' measurements ought to be exposed."

"You mean it should be bust wide open?"



"That's right. A bit off the top, sir? The trouble is, it gives young people the wrong ideas. Soon you'll have girls introduced at parties as 'Wendy Smith, 30-40-30,' and so on. Boys won't think about a girl's nice points, only her measurements."

"Aren't they nice points?"

"It all depends. Figures often lie." Bert stopped snipping.

"I'll tell you a thing happened to me in Brisbane before the war," he said. "I had two girl-friends there at the time. One was called Denise. She had a wonderful figure. I never put a tape-measure on her—measurements didn't count in those old days—but I reckon she'd have left Anita Ekberg cold."

"Was she like a languid cobra?"

"No. She was like a cobra all right, but a lively one. The trouble was she had a stinking temper. She'd clock you as soon as look at you. A thoroughly nasty type, Denise was."

"And what about the other one?"

"Ah, she was different. Alana was her name. Her figure wasn't the best—straight up and down, if you know what I mean. I suppose nowadays they'd call her a 30-30-30. But she had a lovely personality. She'd cook you a beautiful steak, darn your socks. She was the nicest girl I ever knew."

"Did you take her out for long?"

"No. I married Denise. I've kicked myself ever since. Care for a shampoo, sir?"

"No, thanks."

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning."



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

OIL! Headlines blazed news of an oil strike at Rough Range No. 1 bore, Exmouth Gulf, W.A., on December 4, 1953, touching off a wave of speculation that swept through stock exchanges, leaving a feverish wake. Ever since, with hopes sometimes falling and sometimes—as recently—soaring, speculators and brokers have been lured by the excitement of an oil gamble and the fortunes that a big strike can mean. The search for oil by many companies still goes on in Australia. The pioneering company alone has spent £10,000,000 in Western Australia, plus £3,000,000 budgeted for this year. This picture of Rough Range No. 1 bore was taken by Douglass Baglin, Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

Perfumed Talc

by



4/11

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"BLONDE, brunette, auburn, or soft
chestnut—I don't care what her color-
ing is, but she should be good-looking
with the kind of beauty I like."



"MY FRIENDS have said to me, 'You
need the strong hand of a woman.'
I've had enough of the strong hands
of women. That's why I'm here."



"NO MORE of this
of putting women first
wrong in principle who
woman dominates"

"Private eye" in search of a wife

Mr. Norman Lee, alias Mark Corrigan, tough, woman-chasing "private eye," is looking for a wife—his fourth.

HE knows exactly what he wants, and his principal requirement is that she be an Australian.

Mr. Lee is an Englishman who writes novels. Most of them are thrillers written under the pen-name of Mark Corrigan, about Mark Corrigan, who is a very tough character indeed.

Mr. Lee, who answers readily to the name of Corrigan, doesn't seem a tough character. He speaks quietly, dresses inconspicuously, and takes his profession seriously.

He has definite opinions and believes Australian women make the best wives.

"Let's face it," Mr. Lee-Corrigan said, "the ideal wife doesn't exist; we all have to put up with what we can get."

"My knowledge of this problem is limited to three wives—two British and one American, and two of them had money. But there is a lot of experience and observation behind this knowledge."

"I've travelled widely and made a study of women of all kinds, including Australians. I have to know about women; I write about them so much."

Mr. Lee feels sufficiently confident of his knowledge of women to write under a woman's name. He has written three novels by "Norma Lee" about Norma Lee—beautiful, compassionate television and radio star, who "champions the underdog."

"What I like about Australian women is this: They allow their husbands to be the boss. They make allowances for a man's natural desire to be the dominant partner," Mr. Lee said.

"If an Australian man suddenly tells his wife he's going away for the weekend to play golf, or to do some fishing, or something of the kind, his wife says it's all right."

"She doesn't suspect him of going away on a picnic with

some other woman. No, she accepts him on trust.

"In England or America a woman wouldn't have her husband doing this sort of thing. She would not have it. And she would nag him for weeks, nag, nag, nag."

"Australian women are also so very good-looking. I'm not talking now about those brown bodies on Bondi Beach; I mean the women I've seen around the city."

"They are so well-groomed, and I am told most of them make their own clothes—those

By HELEN CORDON,
staff reporter

beautiful dresses they wear. Really they are so capable.

"What amazes me is the number of good-looking, intelligent, capable women who are unmarried. I first thought there must be a shortage of men, but people tell me no."

"I am beginning to think Australian women are very selective, very choosy."

Mr. Lee gathered his knowledge of Australians—male and female—on a 25,000 mile tour of the country which he made last year for the purpose of writing a book about Australia.

From personal observation he is confident that he will find all he is looking for in a wife in some Australian woman.

The things he is looking for are:

Good looks. "Very important to me. I want someone with the kind of good looks I like. I don't care whether she's blonde, brunette, or auburn. Even a soft chestnut will do very well."

Sex appeal. "Absolutely necessary. You can say what you like about it, but I consider sex appeal to be of the greatest importance."

Average intelligence. "I couldn't stand a highly intelligent woman, oh, dear no. She

would want to be airing her views all the time. No man really wants a clever woman, except, perhaps, a university professor, and I think even he would prefer someone who'd listen to him talk."

Love. "Now that's most important. Love, of course, is really very important. It helps both parties tolerate each other's faults."

"By the way, she needn't be a good cook. She needn't be better than a second-rate cook. I don't care because I eat out a lot."

"I think a sense of humor is more important than cooking. She must have a sense of humor."

"What's wrong with Australian women? This is a touchy subject with them, and, mind you, I don't suggest it's a general failing, not all Australian women have it, but I think their accent is the main thing wrong with them."

"Of course, some Australian women I've met sounded just like English women, but the others! It's quite irritating. You meet a good-looking, well-dressed, quite charming woman, and she talks to you in that nasal voice."

"How old am I? Are you really interested in that?"

"Well, look here. I don't know how seriously readers take these books of mine; I feel they take them pretty seriously, and I feel... well... Mark Corrigan is a younger man than I and I'd hate to disillusion my readers."

"You're publishing my picture; let them draw their own conclusions from that."

I received a letter from Mr. Lee on the day following our interview. He wrote:

"One point I forgot to mention—that law gives the Australian woman the right to bar her husband from going abroad."

"I do not care very much for that. It's giving too much power to a woman. It is part of my job to travel about, and even though I have been wife-



"WOMEN are very
ated to deal with, I
English and American
expect all one's atten-



"MY INTENTION is to
an Australian. I've not
anything definite about
but I've got a few

driven to some extent
never thought of asking
wives whether I might
or there. I went

"But if I marry an
wife, and one day she
ing peevish and I am
of flying to Borneo, she
well say: 'Oh no you don't!'
"I should react like
that..."

"In 'The Big Squid'
of the Mark Corrigan
Mark discussed the
Tucker (Mark Corrigan's
friend) who was in
Orange, N.S.W. After
difficulty he had got her
to considering marriage

"But when she remem-
of what power she had
her he wilted. I think
that which called the
off."

"Hope I don't wait
minute!"

Sincerely,
Mark Corrigan

New Irish Collection

From our London office

Sybil Connolly, who first put Irish tweed and linen on the fashion map, has done it again with a breath-taking collection of spring clothes.

ONCE more Miss Connolly has turned the natural elements of old Ireland into international fashion.

Irish lace and handkerchief linen, tweeds as coarse as clumsy darning, but soft and supple, tweeds as fine as gossamer, but cunningly tough, and shawls and masses of fine Irish handwork have all been used with great sophistication.

Miss Connolly's lines are simple. Her lengths are longer.

Coats are full, jackets young and short, hats large and heavy as a hair-drier, dresses fitted and belted.

It is the fabric and the detail that is unique. Nobody but Sybil Connolly could have designed these clothes.

And because she has become one of Ireland's national treasures, this charming Dubliner has the world flocking to her door.

From London and New York leading fashion writers and buyers flew into Dublin for the opening of Sybil Connolly's collection. The Irish

nobility were there, too, making it a gala occasion.

The show began with Sybil's "easy" fit suits, which she called the "Thimble" series.

Her handwriting was on every model, from the jumper suit of Bainin (pronounced "bawneen"), woven in larger-than-life darning-stitch, to the extravaganza of ball gowns in Irish linen crushed into thousands of tiny pleats.

There were dresses of the finest tweed in new and soft pastel shades that were unbelievably becoming.

These pastel, hand-woven tweeds were at their best in short jackets that took their tailoring easy, and had a cardigan-look worn over a dress of the same or toning color.

There was a pretty play of ribbon as a variation to the simplicity of the "Thimble" line. Narrow velvet ran over the bust and finished in a point below the waistline in a bow.

This ribboned V appeared again and again in the collection—on a cocktail dress, on an evening gown of love-in-the-mist blue satin with floral design, and on a jumper suit in pale beige Donegal.

There is often a religious inspiration in Sybil Connolly's designing, and the full coats and dresses all had the swirling fullness of a monk's cape.

Yards of supple, pale tweed, or soft cashmere and wool mixture, fell from gently sloping shoulders cut in one with the sleeve.

This monk's line is pulled in at the waist with a sash, a belt, or (as in a long housegown of poppy-colored silk) with a metal girdle.

For formal evening wear Sybil Connolly remains true to her first love—pleated Irish linen, fragile as a snowflake.

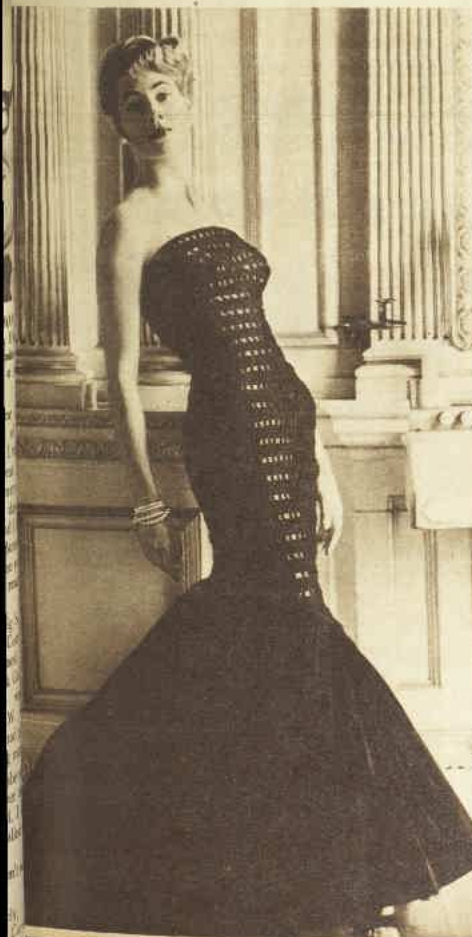
Now she features lace and crochet, alternating them with bands of linen. One slender-slim gown was moulded from the neckline to below the knee, where it billowed out in tulle; and a blue hand-crochet lace short evening gown, threaded with baby ribbon, had great sophistication.



THE INNOCENTS. A white Irish linen "hair-drier" hat is teamed with a grey Irish worsted semi-fitting suit.



CAPADE. Sybil Connolly's beautiful black velvet dinner gown is dramatised by a soft white linen-and-crochet stole.



LEMON SHERBET. Pat O'Reilly, one of the mannequins who visited Australia for our Irish fashion parades, models this lemon organza skirt with white crocheted lace top.

IN THE MINK. left, is the name given to this exquisite black Irish hand-crocheted lace and pleated Irish linen evening gown. It was a hit at Miss Connolly's parades.

SUGAR AND SPICE is the apt title of the short evening gown at right. It is made of blue Irish hand-crocheted lace and is worn with an eye-catching cerise-red satin stole.





a wonderful start
for a healthy life

Eric, Kevin, Mrs. Lucke, Jennifer, Vernon



CLINICS

RECOMMEND

UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

RIGHT FROM THE

TIME BABY

URNS 6 MONTHS OLD

Ask your clinic . . . no other breakfast food so completely and so generously provides the natural nourishment Baby needs — vitamin "A," the growth vitamin; the vital vitamin "B₁," and, of course, the various minerals to ensure sound bones and teeth. Yes, indeed, Uncle Toby's is a most beneficial and easily digestible food and gives Baby a wonderful start for a healthy life.

the Lucke Quads

have now been put onto

UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

Mrs. Lucke says: "I'm so glad the Quads are now on Uncle Toby's Oats, because they are quite obviously enjoying it. Besides, in the morning and at night, it's such an easy meal for me to give them."

FOR BABY, PREPARE UNCLE TOBY'S OATS AS SIMPLY AS THIS . . .

No extra cooking needed—just add two more tablespoons for Baby when you cook the family's Uncle Toby's. For babies under twelve months, rub mixture through wire sieve—the result will be a fine jelly. Serve with pure, boiled milk. May be given at morning and evening meals. In a refrigerator, Uncle Toby's jelly will keep fresh for two or three days. All utensils must be kept scrupulously clean.



Royal nieces settle in



PRINCESSES Christina (left) and Beatrix at the hoop-la at a ball given at the Dorchester Hotel in London by the National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. This was their London debut.

Princesses living like commoners

From our London office

Princess Beatrix and Princess Christina, Duke of Edinburgh's two German nieces, now happily settled into their Dolphin Square flat in London.

THE Dolphin Square flats are divided into six, each one called after a famous British admiral. The Princesses live in Flat Collingwood House. Three doors down the corridor lives a woman named Loneragan, of South Wales. Miss Loneragan's flat, number 507, is a meeting place for many of the young Australians living in Dolphin Square. It is possible that they may be rubbing shoulders with the Princesses as they go to her parties.

Mrs Mary Parker, from Dorset, sister of the Duke of Edinburgh's secretary, and Michael Parker, lives in Dolphin Square. He has entertained the Duke several times while he was furnishing 510 for his

staff at Dolphin Square. He is now accustomed to seeing them come and go down the narrow corridors to 510.

When the Duke of Edinburgh first visited the flat to look over the place for his nieces, he strode to a corner with his characteristic briskness and knocked over an Irishman who services flats in the

recognising the Duke, he said crossly, "Who do you want to see?" Whereupon the Duke roared with laughter, and was quick with his reply.

It wasn't until he had passed that she realised it was the

Princesses' flat is less lively than those overlooking

ing the Thames. The Duke pays their £10-a-week rent.

Their "room with a view" is on the fifth floor, and their view is the chimney-pots of London — a typical London outlook, which they both love.

Like other dwellers in Dolphin Square, they do most of their shopping in the arcade of shops within the flats.

It is all very chummy and as much a meeting place for the tenants as the main street in an Australian country town.

The Princesses do their shopping on their way home from "school."

Princess Beatrix is learning dressmaking at the Royal College of Art, and Princess Christina is studying picture restoration under Professor Anthony Blount, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures.

Their hours are much the same as any other working girl's, and when they come home in the evening they have household chores to do.

They are both lively girls, but they put their careers before their social life and want to make the most of their time in England.

They made their debut on January 17 at the Dorchester.

It was a charity dance and one of the gayest of the season.

The Princesses had as much fun at the side-shows as on the dance-floor, although they missed when they tried throwing quoits on a £5-note game, and they missed again on the rifle range.

Their first guest in the flat on the first Saturday night they were in London was Princess Alexandra, the



PRINCESS CHRISTINA dancing at the ball at the Dorchester. She left the ball shortly after midnight. This is an early departure compared with the hour Princess Margaret and Princess Alexandra leave similar functions.

Duchess of Kent's daughter, who is their cousin.

The two Princesses cooked the meal and finished up with tinned peaches.

Princess Alexandra went in to the kitchen afterwards and helped them to wash up.

That was the first of a series of intimate little gatherings between the three Princesses.

Princess Beatrix and Princess Christina were delighted with the furniture the Duke of Edinburgh chose for the little flat.

Plain furniture

MOST people think the furniture comes from Windsor Castle, but the joke is that it is out of the old servants' quarters at Clarence House, and with a touch of paint and varnish here and there it is quite perfect for the tiny, modern flat.

The Princesses didn't want heavy, stuffy antique furniture for the simple life they planned in London.

The clean, straight lines of the inexpensive pieces are much easier to live with.

Christina is the Princess most likely to be disappointed.

She plays a guitar and wants to take lessons in London, but if she wants to stay friendly with her neighbors she won't be able to practise her guitar far into the night.

The "Denizens of Dolphin," as they call themselves, are prone to vocal protest — mostly through the windows that open on to each other.

Both the Princesses are charming, friendly girls and have an engagingly natural way of speaking.

They arrived in London in the "smog" to the delight of Princess Beatrix, who said, "Oh, a pea-souper, goody, good."

They have been nicknamed the "Pimlico Princesses" because Dolphin Square is in Pimlico, best known outside England by the film "Passport to Pimlico."

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Lucke quads have a new home



TEATIME. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lucke with their quads, from left, Jennifer, Kevin, Veronica, and Eric, have afternoon tea in the kitchen of the home on their newly bought 12-acre pineapple farm at Gooburrum, near Bundaberg.



PUPPET DOLL animated by her mother, Mrs. Agnes Lucke, intrigues Veronica, third born and smallest of the quads. Mrs. Lucke had a nurse to help her for the first six months of the babies' lives, but now looks after them by herself.



LUCKES' NEW HOME surrounded by neat rows of pineapples. The house is four years old, has five rooms, a modern kitchen and bathroom, and hot water laid on from a coke stove given the Luckes by a Bundaberg department store. In the foreground are Mrs. Lucke, Muriel Thomson, who helps her in the house, and our reporter, Mary Coles.

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

"Follow this road for six miles. Then watch for the house with all the washing on the line. That'll be the Luckes. You can't miss it."

THESE are the directions you're most likely to get in Bundaberg if you inquire the way to the new home of Queensland's famous quads, Kevin, Eric, Veronica, and Jennifer Lucke.

Recently the quads and their parents, Arthur and Agnes Lucke, have moved to a 12-acre pineapple farm which they have bought at Gooburrum, halfway between Bundaberg and the ocean.

Already the Lucke clothesline is a landmark in their new district.

This is hardly surprising, considering that the Lucke wash runs to anything from 50 to 80 napkins a day, as well as little dresses and nighties galore.

The quads, who were seven months old on February 12, show all signs of enjoying life on the new family farm.

Like most young babies who were tiny at birth they are still not very big (at six months Kevin weighed 16lb. 1oz., Eric was 16lb. 12oz., Veronica 11lb., and Jennifer 14lb.), but they have plenty of energy.

Their evaporated-milk diet

is now being supplemented with strained soup (which the drink from a cup), strain oatmeal, and vegetable extracts.

With the help of a high chair or a comforting hand at the small of the back they can sit up. Veronica the smallest, likes nothing better than to clutch the finger of anyone handy and peck herself to her feet.

Second-born, Eric, is the family funny man. All the babies smile and gurgle when anyone talks to them. Eric laughs aloud with a fruity chuckle that would be worth a small fortune to a stage comedian.

For their parents, the Gooburrum pineapple farm, with its comfortable five-room house, bathroom, and a glassed-in verandah, is a dream come true.

In selecting the farm at Gooburrum, Arthur Lucke reasoned the locality was ideal for the children, the four-year-old house was in good condition, and, most important of all, the holding could be worked with one pair of hands.

At the farmhouse, Agnes Lucke is equally insistent that she attends to all the needs of the quads personally.

Mothering them is her greatest pride and joy.

Working plan of the household is built round Mrs. Lucke concentrating on the quads, while Muriel Thomson, the young girl who has been helping her in the house since the quads came home from hospital, manages the domestic side.

The notion I held that the upbringing of quads during babyhood was an assembly-line job was quickly dispelled after a couple of days with Agnes and Arthur Lucke.

In the arms of their parents each quad is the only baby in the world at the moment, whether the chore is changing a nappie, giving a bath, or comforting a cry.

Mrs. Lucke chatters confidently to the child she is tending as she would have a womanly gossip to an intimate friend who called to see a cup of tea.

Arthur Lucke, massive and rugged, is touchingly gentle with his "little mates."

Within a week of the Luckes' arrival at Gooburrum, a host of neighbors dropped in to welcome them.

With Mario Sergiacomi, one of the district's most successful growers, within hailing distance just across the road, Mr. Lucke's growing for successful pineapple growing is in highly skilled hands.

With a flashing smile and tanned, Italian-born Mrs. Lucke told me, "I teacha

"If he taka notice finish up pretty good."



FIRST HARVEST. While his brother and sisters, from left, Jennifer, Veronica, and Eric, sit in their pram, Kevin, eldest of the Lucke quads, perches on the hood to share the admiration of his parents, Arthur and Agnes Lucke, for the first pineapple of their first crop from the farm.



LEFT: First swim for quads Jennifer (left), held by family friend Miss Shirley Savidge, and Veronica, held by her mother. The new farm is only six miles from a beautiful ocean beach.

ABOVE: Enjoying his morning bottle, second-born quad Eric nestles in his mother's arms while his father pauses in his pineapple weeding to watch. Pictures by staff photographer W. Carty.

Elizabeth Arden says . . .



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Elizabeth Arden

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Let's ask that sweet old lady to watch our clothes and money while we're in swimming."

MOTHER



"If you live here, go and stand in the corner. If not, go home."

It seems to me

WHEN I first began writing this column it used to be accompanied by a new picture every few months.

Optimistic colleagues kept suggesting that the photographers have another try.

Finally enthusiasm waned all round. It was accepted that you can do so much and no more with certain faces, and I was left in peace.

However, a few weeks ago, reading Betty Keep's fashion advice, I noticed a critical reference to women who wore the same hair-style for years.

Could this be a hint, I wondered? Mrs. Keep, far from denying it, said that the idea for the paragraph occurred to her one morning as she passed my desk.

After brooding for a while I made the change. And then it seemed logical to have a new picture.

Now, having gone so far, I have taken to reading other advice. The most striking (in an American magazine) was on poise.

Poise is a quality which, I firmly believe, is best left alone. If over-cultivated it borders on the offensive.

Nevertheless, I must pass on the writer's instructions about the improvement of posture.

"Try this test," she says. "Can you stand erect, with shoulders back, seat tucked in, and one heel placed on the arch of the other foot, and RELAX?" (The capitals are mine.)

No, I can't. And if one must do that to acquire poise I'll settle for the jitters.



Dorothy Drann

THERE'S a young entertainer in Sydney, as I read with interest the other day, who has hit on a novel method of singing.

In fact, it would be hard to think of a more novel method. He doesn't sing at all. He mouths the words, grimaces, and waves his arms, while using a record of someone else's voice to provide the sound.

Apparently he is meeting with some success. Nor that the idea is really as revolutionary as it might seem.

The other night in the Nat "King" Cole show I heard Miss Lilian Briggs. Miss Briggs doesn't sing either. She opens her mouth and yells. (You may think you have heard others do just that, but I assure you that Miss B. opens her mouth wider and yells louder and more incomprehensibly than anyone else extant.)

After hearing her I believe that the Sydney lad's idea is a nice change and could catch on. It might be even more restful if he didn't bother to spin the records.

Nat "King" Cole's tour has begun with audiences that promise to eclipse those of last year. The interesting thing about Nat is that his singing really merits that overworked word "relaxed."

Most of the other American singers in the same field leave the Stadium looking as exhausted as if they had been fighting. Nat sings and plays as if it were no trouble at all.

ONCE or twice I've mentioned my interest in the invention of wings for individual flight.

News of the demonstration of an aerocycle to the American Army raised my hopes until I saw a picture of it.

For one thing, it is too big to keep in a flat; for another, the driver stands up, unprotected, on a two-feet-square platform.

Obviously this thing should be called an aero-scooter. If it is ever to appeal to a civilian sales market it should be designed for a wider public including the section which finds difficulty in balancing a bicycle.

A seat is surely not too much to expect? Perhaps I'll have to resign myself to waiting until I have a harp, too.

ELDERS are always shaking their heads about modern youth.

The current cry concerns the sophistication of teenagers. "Where are the old simple tastes?" parents ask.

Such tastes exist here and there, according to a story I heard from a Melbourne correspondent.

Her 16-year-old daughter was invited to the pictures by a boy of the same age.

At interval the lad disappeared, saying that he would be back soon. He returned, carrying a rustling paper bag.

"Thought you might be hungry," he said, gallantly tearing the bag open and revealing two large meat pies.

DENYING recent rumors of an impending engagement, Miss Marilyn Monroe told reporters that she had no romance at all at present, and added: "It's awful."

Marilyn's lonely, Marilyn's blue. That's what she says, and it might be true.

Marilyn waits for the phone to go. Yearns while the minutes are ticking slow. Reads a good book, or sits and knits (Both overrated, one freely admits).

Marilyn's lonely, so she claims, Which ought to be cheering to other dames.

If it's a fact that her life's a bore. Perhaps the fellow she hankers for. Doesn't like HER; or perhaps she's tired. Of having her face and figure admired. When what she wants is to gain respect. For political knowledge and intellect. (To please a girl you should praise her for what.)

It's fairly clear that she hasn't got. Whatever the reason, life is grim. If Marilyn lacks a suitable him. Marilyn's lonely, Marilyn's blue. That's what she says—but I doubt it's true.

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PASTILLES.**
Delicious, juicy pas-
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because they're made
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Two colours to choose from—

Cream and Red. Rubber soled feet.

Either plain (43/6)

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See also the Dandy Bivox with
its two-toned voice.

46/6

Junghans
MASTERS OF TIME

ROYAL PROGRESS



THE QUEEN on every possible occasion during her Nigerian tour has worn full evening dress, with the Garter sash and a diamond tiara. She has done this to please the Nigerians, who believe the colored calendar pictures of Her Majesty show the way the Queen dresses all the time. In this picture, the Queen goes to review tribesmen before 9 a.m. in full evening dress and accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Her Majesty enjoyed carnival atmosphere of Nigeria's "Ladies' Day"

Calabar's day for the Queen was Nigeria's Ladies' Day. After so many welcomes and Royal occasions in which women took no part, it was refreshing to step into a scene in which men took little part. The Queen loved it.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff,
who is in Nigeria for
the Royal tour

SHE seemed carried away with the carnival atmosphere, and tapped her foot to the sharp, pulsating rhythm of the traditional music.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh flew from Eastern Nigeria's capital city of Enugu to Calabar, which is 40 miles from the sea and is built on a huge delta of mangrove swamp and bushland.

The Queen's visit was a huge carnival celebration touched with quiet reverence when the Queen paused on a flower-strewn path to place a wreath on the grave of the celebrated missionary Mary Slessor.

Mary Slessor, a Scottish girl who left her Dundee home to become a missionary among the primitive peoples of Nigeria, died in 1915.

A handful of people, all of whom had known Mary Slessor, watched the Queen as she lay the wreath on the grave.

All of them had different memories of the woman who had fought against floggings and wholesale executions of natives.

Many stories are told of Mary, who cut through red-tape and signed her letters "Not your humble servant" when she felt it was necessary.

On the Queen's nine-mile drive through Calabar, the rich red roads were strewn with garlands of flowers and flower petals showered continuously over the Royal car from swinging baskets carried by girls wearing Spanish costumes.

Revellers in costume looked as though they had stepped out of a Velasquez painting. Hundreds of Efik women dancing with graceful arm movements and swaying hips were dressed in period costumes of 18th century Infantas of Spain.

The pretty Efik women wore brocaded, hooped skirts with multi-colored panniers. Tiny bells hidden in the folds tinkled lightly as they moved.

They wore satin ribbons in their hair. From the bows, long graceful ends of ribbon fell. Each woman carried a painted calabash topped with tufted feathers.

As a mark of their deepest respect for their sovereign, each dancer was silenced by a brightly colored feather which she carried in her mouth.

All along the Queen's nine-mile drive the people of Calabar staged a welcome in song and dance. Women staged most of the plays that were enacted on her drive while men in costumes and masques evoked the spirits or mocked authority in their carnival mood.

The Obong of Calabar, 83 years old, the local "King," greeted the Queen at the sports field wearing a Dave Crockett headpiece of leopard skin, heavily embroidered with seashells and leopard's teeth.

The 14,000 schoolchildren at the sports field cheered themselves hoarse as the Queen drove through their ranks in a Landrover.

After the drive past Calabar's Punch and Judy show was staged with weird puppets and live marionettes to the fascination of the Queen and shrieks of delight of the children.

Eastern Nigeria perhaps lacks the exciting spectacle of the North with its spectacular horsemen, but the Queen is off the red carpet more often than she's on it and is closer to the people here.

An Eastern Nigerian family was the first in the Federation to be "at home" to the Queen.

Willie Ejimofor, his wife and eight children were the lucky family chosen to entertain the Queen. Willie is a surface worker for the Nigerian Coal Corporation.

Willie and his family live in the Corporation's model village and welfare centre at Udi Siding, in the Eastern Region of Nigeria.

Their home, of two rooms with a detached kitchen at the rear, houses Willie, his wife and eight children. The house was scrubbed, polished, and dusted within an inch of its life for the Queen.

Mrs. Willie had a new national dress. So did Willie and the whole family. Even baby Adolphus, who is only 13 months old, wore clothes for the Queen.

• See color pictures
pages 32-33



ROYAL GARDEN PARTIES in Nigeria have been made more spectacular by the Queen's request that her Standard Bearer should always be with her. Momo Zinder was chosen to carry the Standard, embroidered with the Royal Cypher.

Women in the drama of Burgess, Maclean



GUY BURGESS, who sent a message to his mother when he and Maclean met the Press in Moscow recently.

SINCE May, 1951, when the two men suddenly disappeared from Britain, neither of their brokenhearted mothers has uttered one disloyal or critical word about them.

Maclean's wife, Melinda, whose married life has been anything but idyllic, took her three lovely children to join him beyond the Iron Curtain without a backward glance.

This week, the two mothers, Lady Maclean and Burgess' mother, Mrs. J. R. Bassett, showed again that there is no Iron Curtain in a mother's heart.

For four and a half years—apart from two undressed notes from Burgess—the only news they had of the sons of whom they had been so proud came from glaring newspaper headlines.

Nearly all of them implied that the men were spies, which bitterly wounded the feelings of two proud, patriotic women.

This week they heard that two British journalists had seen and spoken with their sons in Moscow.

Still they spoke not one word of bitterness for the years of suffering. Mrs. Bassett said she hoped that now she could see her son.

Of course, she'd travel to Moscow if necessary, although at the moment she is too ill to leave the country.

Pitifully, with an attempt at a smile, she said: "Mind you, he could have picked a place with better weather."

By her side—like a sturdy British watchdog—was her second husband, Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Bassett, D.S.O.

He, too, always refuted any suggestion that Guy Burgess was a spy. Even after the Government White Paper last September, which accused the diplomats of "treasonable activities," he implied that he believed Burgess was working for peace between Russia and Britain.

Burgess' mother and Lieut.-Colonel Bassett live in a luxurious flat overlooking London's Green Park.

The background Mrs. Bassett gave her son was one to

By IRENE HANSTATTER, of our London staff

The disloyalty of ex-Foreign Office diplomats Guy Burgess, 44, and Donald Maclean, 42, is matched only by the loyalty of their womenfolk to them.

fit him, she hoped, for service to his country—Eton College, the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and Cambridge University. Instead, he chose to serve Russian masters.

And every day she looks in her letter-box praying for a note without any address from her son. Since he disappeared she has had two small notes saying he was well and happy, but giving her not the slightest clue to his whereabouts.

Lady Maclean has been less fortunate. Apart from a telegram just after her son disappeared, she has not received a word from him.

Burgess last week gave Reuter correspondent Sidney Weiland this message for his mother—"I think of her constantly and hope to write to her as soon as I can."



MRS. DONALD MACLEAN, with two of her three children, returns from a holiday in France in 1951 shortly after her husband disappeared. More than two years later she managed to join her husband in Russia.

There was no message for Lady Maclean, who is the widow of Sir Donald Maclean, former Empire Deputy Leader of the Liberal Party and President of the Scottish Board of Education.

There is a third mother in the story—Mrs. Melinda Dunbar, young-looking American mother of Maclean's wife.

Melinda and her three children, Fergus, now 12, Donald, 11, and Melinda, 4½, had been living with her in Switzerland up till the time they, too, disappeared.

In September, 1952, Melinda Maclean told her mother they were off to spend the weekend with some friends nearby.

But she left the car in a Lausanne garage and took her children on the night train into Russian-occupied Austria.

Six weeks after she disappeared she managed to get a poignant little note through to Mrs. Dunbar—postmarked Cairo—beginning "Darling Mummy," saying she realised

her distress and "I hope with all my heart you'll understand."

Melinda, American-born, has been called the "Mona Lisa" of the case. She is certainly a mysterious woman.

A good-looking, quiet-spoken, efficient type of woman, now 39, there can be no certainty why she lived a lie for so many years and finally chose the way of Communism.

If it was entirely for the love of her husband, then her love story must rank as the greatest of the century. For there was much against it.

Her upbringing was among wealthy Americans. Her life with Donald was overshadowed by his shocking behaviour.

He drank very heavily and at times was even physically

violent to her. At one stage they had contemplated divorce.

Did Melinda Maclean take her children from the sure, safe world of England and Europe to Russia because she couldn't live without her husband? Or did she slip away because she herself was a Communist?

The second suggestion is a distinct possibility.

Melinda and Donald met in Paris in 1939. Melinda was studying at the Sorbonne; Donald was beginning what promised to be a brilliant diplomatic career.

Communism was then at its most fashionable.

What could be more believable than that in a world about to be torn apart by war, Donald, and Melinda, too, became Communists.

The first two Maclean children had been born by caesarian section. Both husband and wife knew that their third child would be delivered in the same way, and the birth would be dangerous.

Nobody would possibly be-



DONALD MACLEAN, who disappeared four and a half years ago, has his wife and children with him in Russia.

lieve that a husband would leave his wife in such circumstances. So there was no vigilance around the Maclean home in the month before the child was expected. And Maclean crossed the Channel on his way to Moscow.

In July, 1952, Melinda took her children "to be educated in Switzerland."

Soft-hearted people pitied her. They said she was being driven out of the country by newspapers hounding her. But Switzerland was the perfect centre for crossing to the Iron Curtain. During the next year she must have had contacts with Russian agents.

Yet she always kept her own counsel, even from her mother.

After she had left in September, 1953, it was discovered that she had had passport photographs taken of her children four months previously in the name of Smith.

And in Switzerland little Fergus was heard to say to a boy playing soldiers, "My daddy is working for peace."

Only his mother could have told him that.

Whether Mrs. Maclean left England for love or for her belief in Communism, she has made a great sacrifice. She left her first really comfortable English home—a wistaria-covered house in Kent. She lived in style, with servants.

Now her life must be lonely and colorless. Big hotels and places of amusement in Moscow must be out of bounds to her, because they are frequented by British journalists and diplomats who would recognise her from newspaper photographs.

She used to dress well. Russian clothes are very drab. Moscow in winter is freezing cold and dreary.

She will be more than ever dependent on her husband, who proved so unstable in the years since the war and whose drunken brawls were the talk of Cairo.

Melinda's letter to her mother ended: "Goodbye—but not for ever."

The three mothers—Lady Maclean, Mrs. Bassett, and Mrs. Dunbar—have no room for hatred in their hearts as far as their children are concerned. Instead, they hang on to an obstinate hope.



Guard your natural loveliness all over with

Rexona soap

Specially medicated to help skin blemishes disappear... and now in thrifty bath size

You can't forever hide skin blemishes with make-up. Clear them right out of your life by deep cleansing your skin with Rexona Soap. Rexona gives your skin that fresh natural loveliness through the gentle corrective help of Cadyl, a special medication of five rare beauty oils exclusive to Rexona.

BUY THE BIG BATH SIZE
Bath size—1/5
Regular size—1/1



ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis give thanks for Mendo, the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendo from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.

Fly NOW... pay later!

NEW YORK round trip £50/7/- down payment... 24 monthly payments of £24

on the new PAA "PAY-LATER" PLAN

CROSLEY for 1956 offers you the

Water Chiller

AN OPTIONAL EXTRA WITH ALL

Shelvadors

Now, you can serve ice-cold drinks from your Shelvador without opening the door . . . the sensational Water Chiller, exclusive to CROSLEY, is a built-in drink dispenser, a new convenience feature that no other refrigerator can give you.

The clutter of bottles and jugs of water in your refrigerator is out; in your CROSLEY Shelvador, with Water Chiller, you have a ready supply of ice-cold water always on tap . . . simply press your glass to the easy-to-operate press-in tap and pour an ice-cold drink—the kiddies will love those cooling, healthful drinks you can serve on hot summer days . . . and you will appreciate the convenience of the Water Chiller when entertaining.

Ask your CROSLEY dealer for a demonstration of the Sensational Water Chiller



Plus THE FAMOUS SHELVADOR

Another CROSLEY exclusive with its deep door design providing 5 deeply recessed clear plastic shelves, taking no room from inside the cabinet; and a full-width Cheese and Butter Keeper that stores 8 ½-lb. packets of cheese and butter.



Plus Care-free POWER defrosting

Fully automatic, defrosts itself whilst you sleep, on a proven heat-defrost system that is speedy and efficient. Presmatic (push-button) defrosts your CROSLEY automatically at the press of a button.



Plus New pastel-toned interior schemes

CROSLEY and only Crosley offers you a range of delightful new pastel-toned interior tonings to blend with modern kitchen colour schemes. Choose from standard "Cool-Glo," "Soft-Glo," and special "Sky-Glo," "Sun-Glo," "Peach-Glo," "Copper-glo" or "Sea Mist."

The CROSLEY LINE of Shelvadors

10 cu. ft. Shelvadors	
Fully Automatic Defrost	£220 0 0
Presmatic Defrost	£220 0 0
Regular Defrost	£194 10 0
Cadet "10"	£182 10 0
8 cu. ft. Shelvadors	
Fully Automatic Defrost	£194 10 0
Presmatic Defrost	£188 10 0
Regular Defrost	£169 10 0
Cadet "8"	£158 10 0

SET YOUR  ON A

CROSLEY

Shelvador

Manufactured by the well-known James N. Kirby Organisation, Sydney, AUSTRALIA.

Page 22

Prices slightly higher in Country Areas, W.A. and Tas.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1956

"BABY TALK" No. 16

Just what is the baby saying? Prizemoney worth £100 can be won by readers sending in the most appropriate captions for this picture—sixteenth in our "Baby Talk" contest.

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions to our baby studies by Constance Bannister, of New York.

A Victorian reader, Mrs. J. Walker, 12 Helston St., North Balwyn, has won the £50 first prize in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 13.

Her original winning caption was:

"An ounce of arsenic and some old lace, please."

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Miss M. Hawkins, 30 Belle St., Kingaroy, Qld.

"Any references?"

Miss G. Bolden, 90 Beatty St., Ivanhoe, Vic.

"I'm afraid I've cut a little too much off the hem, my dear."

Mrs. C. E. Keats, 18 Robyn St., South Tamworth 4N, N.S.W.

"It's all caused by these atomic bombs; even the weather is changing."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Janice Monte, Grand View Hotel, Bowen, Qld.

"Go to the headmaster's office, and take those frogs with you."

Mrs. F. Robinson, Flat 3, 213 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

"I'm afraid you've had this book more than a week."

Mrs. A. T. Bennett, 10 Elm St., Hampstead Gardens, Adelaide, S.A.

"Are you sure you have given your marriage a fair trial, dear?"

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. A. Barney, 6 Fairview St., Bundaberg, Qld.

"Did I hear somebody say tea?"

Mrs. H. L. Bennett, 17 Palmer Ave., Balwyn E8, Vic.

"Just about the time a woman thinks her work is done she becomes a grandmother."

Miss D. Hepworth, Box 51, Post Office, Dandenong, Vic.

"Can YOU take short-hand?"

Mrs. J. R. Murray, 1 Chenhall St., Woonona, South Coast, N.S.W.

"Ladies, please, the vicar is about to speak."

Mrs. T. Sutton, 118 St. James Rd., New Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"Always let him THINK he is head of the house."

"Boys never make passes at girls who wear glasses" was Contest No. 13's most popular entry.

Next in favor came refer-



CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 16 close on February 27. Winners will be announced in our issue dated March 14.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian
Women's Weekly
"Baby Talk" Contest
No. 16
February 22, 1956

ences to flannel underwear, "in my day," and "the modern generation." Grandma was the most popular role, but a surprising

number of entrants saw the baby as a blue stocking, and there were a number of references to professors, atomic science, and Einstein.



"AN OUNCE of arsenic and some old lace, please."

Awards in our new contest

THIS week's mail has shown that our new dual contest has taken our readers' fancy.

The contest which we announced last week has brought replies from four States already.

Each week we will award a prize of £2/2/- for the best story about a man or a woman that typifies his or her sex. In other words, we want examples of the sort of action or attitude that causes you to say at times "Just like a man" or "Just like a woman."

There is no limit to the number of entries each reader can send in as long as they are amusing and not hurtful.

Next time the mother-in-law or the irrepressible friend drops in, keep a pencil and pad handy—there is money to be made.

An entry from Sydney wins this week's "Just Like a Man" prize.

A Brisbane man has won the "Just Like a Woman" section.



"WELL, how would you expect a little liftboy to know, anyway?"

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

My aunt returned from visiting an ocean liner and was telling her adventures to her husband.

"There was a cute little American liftboy," she said, "and, dear, he says that Sydney Harbor isn't as beautiful as Pago Pago" (pronouncing the name to rhyme with sago). "It isn't Pago Pago, dear," said her husband gently. "It's Pango Pango."

"But the liftboy ought to

know," she argued. "After all, he's been there and you haven't."

"I don't care, my dear," replied her husband firmly, "but nevertheless it is Pango Pango."

"Well," said Aunt, exasperated, "how could you expect a little liftboy to know, anyway?"

£2/2/- to K. Harris, Vulture St., South Brisbane.

JUST LIKE A
MAN

My husband recently decided to buy me a hat for my birthday. Together we went to a leading milliner, where he insisted on buying me a red straw hat which he had picked personally.

The next week I was to meet my husband for lunch in the city. I donned a charcoal-grey tailored suit and, of course, the red straw hat.

The first thing my husband said to me when he arrived 10 minutes late was: "Where did you get that frightful hat?"

My comment: "Just like a man."

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. Roundall, New South Head Rd., Woollahra, Sydney.

HOW TO ENTER

Readers wishing to enter should address their entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

For the freshest,
youngest feeling
in the world



Delightfully re-freshing and wholly feminine, Yardley Lavender is beloved by the young in heart. For all-over loveliness, all day long, enjoy world-famous Yardley Lavender in its many fragrant forms. From 9/11 to 30/6; Lavender Soap from 3/7.

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Because it *dissolves*
DISPRIN
stops pain *quickly*

... and is far less likely to cause stomach upset

DISPRIN—The New Soluble Aspirin

FOR HEADACHES • FEVERISHNESS • NERVE PAINS • ACES • COLDS • CHILLS

FLY NOW . . . PAY LATER . . . on the new
PAN AMERICAN
"PAY-LATER" PLAN

Call your travel agent or Pan American World Airways



Buy one — and see for yourself!

NEW! WISDOM Mirror-toothbrush

Now you can see if your teeth are clean!



Now for the very first time you can really see just how clean your teeth are! The mirror on Wisdom's wonderful new toothbrush works on the same principle as a dentist's mirror... lets you see *behind* your teeth. Makes sure you don't miss even the smallest crevice. No more 'danger spots' where food particles lurk to decay. Now every time you clean your teeth you can check up

that you haven't forgotten to brush them *all over*. And Wisdom's round-ended super nylon bristles are so gentle. They polish your teeth to new whiteness. Massage your gums to new firmness. Last twice as long. For cleaner, brighter teeth, firmer gums, a healthier mouth, buy a new Wisdom mirror-toothbrush today — and *see* what a wonderful job it does!

2/9...
everywhere



I want
to see behind
my teeth too, Mummy!

The mirror-toothbrush is the best ever
— it teaches children to look and see how
well they've cleaned their teeth.



LOOK FOR THE
WISDOM DISPLAY

BEST SINCE 1780. ADDIS AGAIN SHOWS THE WAY TO BETTER DENTAL HEALTH.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

There is nothing better than to be one of a crowd as you grow up. But don't deny your own beliefs simply to conform with those of your friends. You lose your individuality when you live by ideas or standards that you cannot really accept.

THIS week's mail included a letter from a girl who has rebelled against the ideas of her crowd.

DO you believe in petting?

By this I mean holding hands, sitting cheek to cheek in the pictures, arms around each other when going home, and, of course, the good-night kiss. I don't. All my girlfriends say I am silly and a prude and that every boy expects it when he takes a girl out. I only laughed at them until several weeks ago I overheard a conversation between a girl and a boy I like very much. He said, 'Oh, she's a very nice girl, but taking her out is just like going out with your cousin.' Also lately I have noticed that boys ask me out about three or four times, then no more. Please tell me, am I correct in my attitude, or am I a prude?

"Sixteen-year-old," Perth.

You are not being a prude at all. Most boys prefer girls like you, who have high standards and stick to them. There is nothing truer than that old saying that people assess you at your own valuation. The girl who puts a high value on herself is the one who eventually wins in every way. Do I believe in petting? Not the way you list it, because it appears to be a set routine which has become established in your group. And, apparently, to be accepted by the group you've got to indulge in the set "petting" list. That's not only stupid, it's monotonous. Don't let other girls make decisions about how you will behave. It always makes me mad when people say boys "expect" a good-night kiss. To let them expect, is what I say. You might not want to kiss them or hold their hand; if you don't, it is their fault, they are not lovable.

You say boys ask you out only a few times, then no more. I have the impression in your case that you may sound both prudish and severe



A word from Debbie . . .

Visiting Sydney for the first time?

You must —

Catch a double-decker bus to Palm Beach on a sunny day, sit in the front seat on the right-hand side, and watch the coastline unfold. Take a friend, a picnic basket, and a bathing-suit and you'll have a wonderful day.

★ ★ ★
Eat some Sydney rock oysters; they're famous the world over.

Take a Harbor tourist trip one day, then walk over the Harbor Bridge and get a bird's-eye view.

★ ★ ★
Feather-go-rounds are top glamor for girls with chignons. Buy some coq feathers to match your party dress, twist them round your chignon close to your head, and let the end feathers curl gently round towards your ears.

Bring the newness back to your winter dressing-gown with a packet of dye of its original color. Dip it now, you'll be delighted with the result.

when you deliver your views about a good-night kiss. Remember that boys are sensitive creatures, too. Next time you go out with a boy, tell him frankly how you feel about it, and he'll probably be secretly relieved to find he's taken out a girl who knows her own mind. But show him without petting how much you like him. You can do this by paying him sincere compliments, finding out what he is interested in, and talking about it and by asking him to your place. If you do this you will find yourself with a much happier relationship than one founded on the silly and frustrating petting rules of your group.

"I AM 15 and my bust is 38 inches. Could you please tell me how I could lose weight to get me down to at least 36in.? I have tried going on a diet, but find that I only lose weight in the face, which is the place I do not wish to lose it. I am not a fat person, my waist being 25in. and my hips 35in. I am really worried because my bust is so large for my age." "Worried," Vic.

Don't worry about the size of your bust. You are lucky. You may not think so now, but it is much better to have a well-developed bust than to be flat-chested and have no more shape than a boy. It may worry you now, but when you are a bit older you will be pleased, particularly as you have such a dainty waist and trim hips. You must not diet at your age, it is dangerous to do so. But to keep your figure as it is you want to watch your food. Eat balanced meals, with plenty of salad and fruit and avoid pastries and cakes. Don't think I am being kind when I say "watch your food," and that I really think you need to be thinner. I don't. I want you to keep that figure. Your measurements are almost identical with one of the world's most famous models, Irish McCalla.

Penfriends

Mr. C. A. Beckles, of 10 Keskiee Street, Morvant, Trinidad, British West Indies, wants Australian penfriends. He is 22 and interested in stamps, viewcards, and photography.

ditty with lots of guitar. Whiteman fans should enjoy it.

THERE'S more film music on CP1001: Dean Martin singing two numbers from his film "You're Never Too Young." The phrase "tea and toast" bobs up unexpectedly in "Love Is All That Matters," a somewhat ordinary offering, but the reverse, called "Simpatico," is a beguine-style song which is far more interesting. Even so, Dick Stabile's ork steals the honors.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

DISC DIGEST

backing, a charming ballad called "Weep They Will." It's so good that you could almost swear it comes out of "Carousel."

★ ★ ★
"I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU" sings Slim Whitman on HL1039, but he sounds rather uncouth when heard immediately after Sinatra. You've possibly heard the song in the film "Love Me Or Leave Me." And then, just by way of contradiction, Slim sings on the reverse "I'll Never Take You Back Again," a lachrymose hillbilly

SINATRA has another certain winner in "The Tender Trap" on CP1003. As you may know, the tender trap is that certain something called love. The lyrics are refreshing, the tune is catchy, and Frank is in top gear from start to finish. Nelson Riddle's orchestra provides a stylish background. Debbie Reynolds, who co-stars with Frank in the film which takes its name from the song, has also recorded a version, but I know which disc will come in for the lion's share of spins. You'll also enjoy Sinatra's

down goes
another
deadly
enemy



Mortein

PROTECTS

4 OUT OF EVERY 5 AUSTRALIAN HOMES

IS YOUR HOME PROTECTED?

Flies are a deadly menace to health. They carry dirt and disease. That is why flies should be killed with Mortein as soon as they appear.

Mortein is the world's most powerful insect spray; the most modern and economical; the safest to use. The outstanding qualities of Mortein are the result of years of research.

Mortein is dependable. That is why 4 out of every 5 Australian housewives buy and use only Mortein. It has been proved over the years that Mortein is the most effective insect spray. So insist on Mortein. "When you're on a good thing — stick to it!"



Off duty in Honolulu:



Whether you're working, surfing or dancing under the stars

YOUR CREST WAVE WILL ALWAYS LOOK WONDERFUL

Now! Special Conditioner in Crest gives your hair a new kind of sheen and softness. Honestly... wouldn't you like your hair to look as permanently pretty as this Crest girl's in Honolulu? It takes only 15 minutes to wave your hair with the latest Crest kit... to give yourself the kind of hairdo men admire and other women envy. See how soft and silken-smooth your curls are. Find out how much longer a Crest wave will last. For there's a new hair conditioner in the Crest waving lotion now that leaves every type of hair beautifully glossy and manageable. You'll be able to comb your Crest wave into the very latest hair styles so easily.



and guess who joined the plane at Auckland! Guy Hinton remembers him - also staying here those days. Soon as we put down he raced me off to Waikiki. Spent the afternoon surfing and laying on the sun. And later had a really wonderful time at the Royal Hawaiian over cocktails and dinner. Were my white slippers which Guy said looked tremendous with my new hair. So that new Crest has certainly proved marvellous. My wave is so soft and adaptable. Even looks shiny and pretty after a days surfing. Tomorrow we

The makers of Crest are so confident you will be satisfied, that if Crest doesn't give you the best results you've ever had from a hair perm, when used according to instructions they will refund double your money.

FULL KIT... 24/-
REFILL... 12/6; JUNIOR... 8/6

Crest—the choice of Canadian Pacific Air Hostesses

C43.WW143g

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

- The bouffant look continues to be popular for the teens—especially in formal and semi-formal late day and later fashions.

THE fashion item above answers a teenager's query about a party dress. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I AM looking for a semi-formal style suitable for a teenager to wear dancing. If a full-skirted frock is still considered right, that is the kind I would like to wear. I make my own clothes, but need a pattern. Would it be possible to buy one for the style you design? For my frock I have 6yds. of very pretty taffeta. It has a crinkly surface with a wide stripe."

Bouffant skirts for teenage party dresses are still in fashion — and I think they always will be. To my mind there is no prettier fashion for dancing than a dress with a wide hemline.

The design I have chosen for your striped taffeta is illustrated at right. The halter bodice adds a gala look. It takes just 6yds. 36in. material and I do hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. The price is 4/6. See the lines under the sketch for further details and how to order.

"DO you think it possible to have a floor-length frock that is suitable for dinner and the theatre as well as for dancing? I like smart unusual styles, colors, and materials. Please advise me on all three. I am a honey-blond with blue eyes and naturally dark lashes."

A floor-length sheath dress and matching jacket made in Chinese-blue satin would be a chic double-duty ensemble. The dress could be narrow, beltless, cut high in the front and low in the back. Have a slip-over jacket made rather like a Chinese coolie-coat finished with a tiny standing collar, plus uncuffed elbow sleeves and self-material frog fastenings.

"WOULD you please help me choose a color for a coat to wear in late autumn. I want something bright and striking. My age is 22."



D.S.182.—Ballerina party-dress in sizes 32 to 38in. but. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The first step in selecting a color is to find the most flattering to your own coloring. Once this is established your choice should be determined by the colors predominating in your wardrobe. If you wear lots of black and navy, I suggest red. If you favor beiges and brown, a topaz would be unusual. If you want something really striking, winter-white looks wonderful with everything.

"I have a piece of grey flannel material from last year and am wondering if it would be suitable to make into an autumn coat. I only have just under three yards, so the

style could not be very full."

Certainly use the flannel for an autumn coat and don't worry about lack of yardage. A coat to be right in fashion for autumn can be made slender and straight-cut. I suggest you follow this slender silhouette and have the dress buttoned from a small round collar to the hemline. Have the coat made unbelted and waistline undefined, and have it finished with two low-placed pockets. By the way, if you do have sufficient material you did not mention your own make or have made a matching stole — stoles are very good again for autumn.

Beauty in brief:

A PRETTY BUSTLINE

By CAROLYN EARLE

- There is no short cut to a pretty bosom, but there is a positive side to the quest for one. It's this: Watch your posture and your diet, do a few special exercises, and always wear a good brassiere.

GOOD posture is the natural way to strengthen and condition the pectoral muscles. It also creates an illusion of bosom height and imparts "line" to the whole torso.

On the other hand, the widespread habit of slouching and rounding the shoulders in the hope of hiding bosom imperfections has just the opposite effect of drawing attention to the figure.

Supervised diet and proper exercises that tone the chest muscles both help

to tailor the female figure. The wisdom of always wearing a good brassiere cannot be stressed too much. Do make a point of selecting the kind of bra that takes into account the vagaries of your own bosom type.

A garment that is comfortably fitted to you in shape as well as in size and is designed to correct your special problem is worth every penny of the cost. However, don't expect results in a week or two from any bosom-beautifying plan. It's a long-term affair.

Don't scorn the can opener! There's health and happiness in this MODERN WAY TO FEED BABY



This sturdy young Australian shows obvious pleasure as he enjoys the nourishment of Canned Baby Foods

Mary has her little lamb

now with Vegies and Milk and Cereal - from a Can!

FOR that matter, Mary can have Chicken Broth - Vegetables and Bacon - Pineapple with Rice - or any of the 18 Heinz Strained Foods for Young Babies, 9 Heinz Junior Foods for Older Babies.

These small amounts can be warmed in a cup standing in hot water. Later, as baby's appetite grows, the can itself can be warmed in hot water and the meal spooned direct from the can.

It takes no time, there is no washing-up, left-overs will safely keep in an opened can for a period comparable with home-cooked foods. Serving Heinz Junior Foods is just as simple.

Availability

Every mother worries about giving baby new foods. Holidays in strange places, seasonal shortages of ingredients, days out with the family, can all contribute to upsetting baby's delicate digestion.

That's when Heinz Canned Baby Foods are worth their weight in gold. Wherever you go, baby can enjoy the self-same nourishing food that he's always accustomed to. You can stock up locally at any time, or do your shopping wherever you may be.

Practically every Grocer and Chemist in Australia carries the complete range of Heinz Baby Foods. 18 Varieties of Strained Foods for Young Babies, 9 Varieties of Junior Foods for Older Babies.

Complete Menu!

Heinz pack Strained Foods in a blue-labelled can. For young babies, look for the blue labels and these varieties:

Chicken Broth with Vegetables and Cereal, Bone and

Vegetable Broth, Beef Broth with Beef and Barley, Vegetables and Lamb with Milk and Cereal, Vegetables and Bacon with Cereal, Beef and Liver Soup, Vegetable Soup, Tomato Soup, Strained Carrots, Green Beans, Golden Squash, Egg Custard, Banana Custard Pudding, Strained Apples, Strained Pears, Prunes with Cereal, Pineapple with Rice, and Peaches with Cereal.

For older babies, Heinz Junior Foods are packed with a red label. The 9 varieties of Junior Foods are: Chicken Dinner, Vegetable Macaroni and Beef Dinner, Vegetables and Bacon, Junior Apples, Vegetable Lamb and Liver Dinner, Vegetable Beef Dinner, Mixed Vegetables, Pineapple Rice Pudding, and Chocolate Custard.

Satisfied users

The H. J. Heinz Company is proud of the number of spontaneous testimonials received from happy mothers since Canned Baby Foods were first introduced to Australia a few years ago.

Behind this acceptance lies years of study and research in America, England, Canada and Australia. Heinz know what your baby needs and spare no effort to maintain their unimpeachable 87-year-old reputation for highest quality.

Heinz Canned Baby Foods are a safe, nutritious addition to baby's diet. Their quality is unsurpassed. You know they're good because they're Heinz.

Lucke Quads are healthy examples...



Veronica, Jennifer, Eric and Kevin Lucke regularly enjoy a beneficial diet of Heinz Strained Foods.

Old habits die hard. Many a mother has yet to realise what canned Baby Foods mean to her growing youngster.

TODAY'S mother has much to be thankful for.

A few years ago, baby's early meals were a constant worry. Daily shopping for a little of this and that, endless cooking, straining ingredients to the right consistency, preparing far more than was necessary, never knowing whether baby would 'like' it or not.

Nowadays feeding time is so much easier and more beneficial for baby.

Canned Baby Foods have removed the drudgery from meal preparation and added balanced nutrition to baby's diet.

Are they good?

No matter how hard you try, mother, it's well nigh impossible to regularly achieve the high nutrition value found in every can of Heinz Baby Foods.

When you do the preparing, local shopping frequently results in buying ingredients that are days old. Ordinary methods cook much of the goodness out of the meal. There is no way of maintaining a high standard of appearance, nourishment and flavour.

What a different story it is at Heinz new modern plant at Dandenong, Victoria!

Kitchens to be proud of

Here are scrupulously clean kitchens that you'd be proud to own. You see the fussy preparation of freshest vegetables and fruit, choicest dairy products, finest cuts of meat.

You admire experienced chefs as they follow with scientific accuracy, recipes resulting from close association between Heinz authorities and medical and child-health specialists throughout the world.

The extras that are added will surprise you. Wheat germ, yeast, glucose - health-giving ingredients not usually added to home-cooked meals.

You realise that the slow, careful, specialized Heinz method of cooking in sealed cans keeps vitamin and mineral losses to a minimum.

The end result is a more nutritious meal containing balanced proportions of the vitamins, proteins and minerals so essential to sturdy growth.

Are they safe?

Because your baby deserves the very best in the world, you have every right to ask this question. Millions of cans of Heinz Baby Foods have already been sold throughout Australia and this fact speaks for itself. Thousands of healthy Australians have grown up on Heinz Baby Foods.

Specially-lined cans avoid any possibility of spoilage, which means that food may be safely left in an open can for a time comparable with home-cooked foods. Canned Baby Foods are sterile, safe, protected from vitamin-killing sunlight which can destroy necessary Vitamin A and B even through glass.

Health Centre opinion

Ask your Health Centre Sister or Doctor on the advisability of using Heinz Baby Foods. They will support this modern method of supplying a diet perfectly suited to baby's needs.

What better commendation is necessary than the fact that the famous Lucke Quads are sturdily growing on Heinz Baby Foods.

Heinz cater perfectly for all ages by supplying two types of Baby Foods. Strained Foods for young babies and Junior Foods for older babies, in all a total of 27 varieties.

When baby reaches an age of about 4 months or 15 lbs. in weight, it is necessary to add a mild form of bulk to the diet and commence the supply of essential nutrients that will enable him to grow and develop. Some babies may start early, others a little later.

It is advisable to discuss this commencement date with your Health Centre Sister or Doctor.

Heinz Strained Foods have been specially developed for the young baby's needs. All the necessary vitamins, proteins and minerals are there but all hard lumps and fibres have been removed.

As baby grows older and teeth develop, doctors recommend that he learns to chew as quickly as possible. It is then that Heinz Junior Foods are such a boon.

These specialized meals for older babies have particles of a size to encourage chewing but small enough to cause no harm if swallowed. Junior

Foods are an essential part of baby's diet when he has outgrown strained foods but is not yet ready for adult meals.

These are some of the many logical reasons why more and more of today's mothers are nourishing their babies on canned Baby Foods.

If you have yet to enjoy these benefits, send the coupon below for a free sample and prove for yourself how good they are.



HEINZ

Australia's first, finest and largest range of Baby Foods

18 Varieties of
HEINZ STRAINED FOODS
for young babies



57



9 Varieties of
HEINZ JUNIOR FOODS
for older babies

FREE OFFER!

Send your name, address, and baby's age to Dept. 17A, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., 374 Little Collins Street, Melbourne. In return, you will receive a voucher entitling you to a free sample of Heinz Baby Foods.

NAME

ADDRESS

BABY'S AGE

Accept this invitation — your Ford Dealer offers it most cordially

TEST-DRIVE AND VALUE-CHECK



Know how you'll get the most for your motoring money — know the reasons why, in the class of vehicle that best suits your purpose and budget,

YOUR BEST BUY IS FORD-BUILT

You get the finest features first from Ford —

Every member of Ford's big family of vehicles provides, in its class or type, the BEST value. This top value totals up in many ways. Ford enterprise and "know-how" in new design mean that you get the finest features first from Ford. The famous Ford dependability plays its time-honoured part. The bigness of Ford resources allow keen pricing and high quality to go together. For every £ of the price of a Ford-built vehicle you get something extra and better. Comparison — feature by feature and price by price — will prove it.

Your Ford Dealer plays friendly, helpful part —

Long after he has helped your buying budget with good trade-in and confidential terms, your Ford Dealer will still be serving you. With his Ford factory-trained mechanics and specialised methods he will maintain your vehicle in tip-top condition at minimum cost.



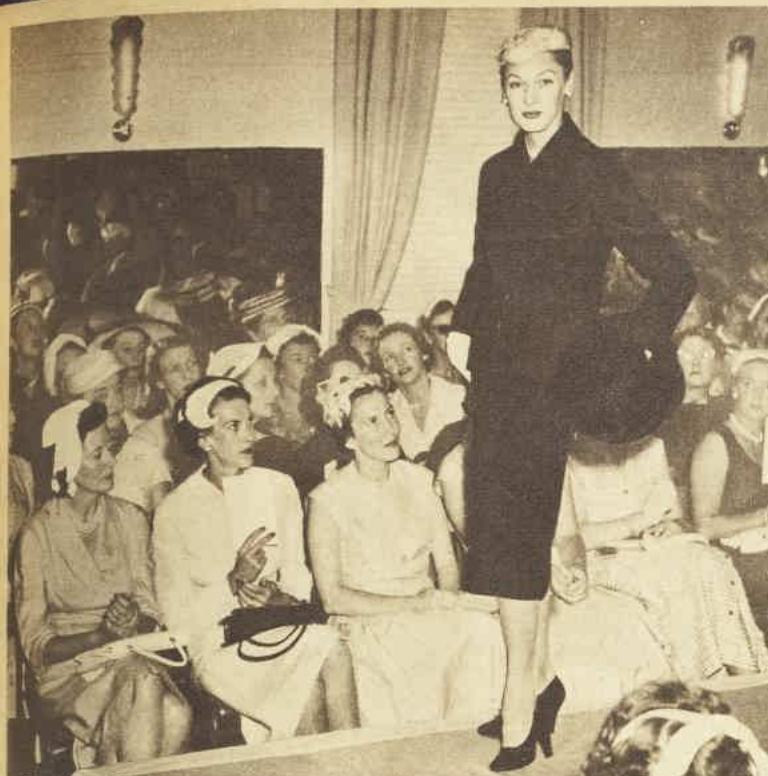
THESE ARE THE FORD-BUILT VALUE LEADERS —

- Ford V8 Customline Sedan (Illustrated below)
- Zephyr-Six 23.44 h.p. Sedan
- Consul 15.63 h.p. Sedan
- Prefect 10 h.p. 4-door Sedan
- Anglia 10 h.p. 2-door Sedan
- Ford V8 Mainline Coupe Utility
- Ford 10 h.p. Popular Utility
- Ford 10-10 Van
- Ford 10 h.p.-7 cwt. Van
- Ford V8 Trucks — with G.V.Ws. of 5,100 to 18,000 lbs.
- Fordson Major Tractors — Diesel or Kerosene



FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

LISTEN TO THE FORD SHOW ON ANY OF THE 65 STATIONS IN THE NATION-WIDE WEEKLY BROADCAST



FASHION PARADE. Mrs. Sam Hordern (left), Mrs. Philip Parbury, and Mrs. Alexis Albert watch as Judy Barraclough models a Pierre Balmain suit at Germaine Rocher's parade of winter fashions. Proceeds are for the Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' Association.



SHELTERED from the rain by a large umbrella, Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Cameron leave St. James', King Street. The bride was Alison Moxham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Moxham, of "Murrumbidgee," Giralambone, and Ewen is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Cameron.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ATTRACTIVE Margot McFadyen, of Bellevue Hill, is in the midst of a whirl of trousseau shopping and pre-wedding parties before her marriage with David Turnbull, of Melbourne, on March 7.

Margot tells me the next few weeks will be busy for David, too. The couple will make their home in Melbourne, and David is flat-hunting.

A reception at the home of Margot's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, will follow the ceremony at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

RECEPTION at the Australia Hotel followed Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Shand's wedding last week. Mrs. Shand was formerly Nonie Rodd.

FEBRUARY 19 will be an exciting day for Mr. and Mrs. R. Jamieson, of Mosman. Their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. John Hart, will arrive home on board Arcadia with their two small daughters, Lindsay and Virginia. Dr. Hart has just completed two years' post-graduate study in England.

UNUSUAL color scheme of white and midnight-blue was the choice of Ann King for her wedding with Ronald Savage last weekend. Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Gidley King, of Maroubra Bay, is a seventh generation descendant of Governor Philip Gidley King.

MARCH 1 is the departure date set by Elizabeth Huxtable, of Killara, who will leave on board Arosa Star to join her sister Barbara in London. Barbara has been in England since September, and has a flat in Chelsea, so Elizabeth won't have any accommodation problems.

A PEARL brooch which belonged to her grandmother, the late Mrs. W. H. R. Stitt, of "Wandary," Forbes, was "something old" worn by Lorraine Wilson at her wedding with Edward Jones last week. Ted and Lorraine were married at St. John's, Forbes, and lots of Sydney guests travelled down for the wedding. Lorraine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wilson, of Droubaigie Estate, Forbes.



AT RECEPTION. Christopher Barton and his bride, formerly Margot Bushell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bushell, of "Fullerton," Crookwell, at their reception, which was held at the Pickwick Club. Bridesmaid in the background is Diana Hanley, of "Carinya," Crookwell.

AFTER a year spent touring England and the Continent, Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Carter, of "Rangari," Gun-nedah, and Balmoral Heights, will soon begin packing for their voyage home. They will be passengers on the Tahitiien, returning via Algiers, the West Indies, Panama, and the French Pacific Islands, and expect to arrive here in the middle of July.

IT should be a gay dance given on March 15 to celebrate the 2000th anniversary of the Ides of March. Members of the Eastern Suburbs branch of Torchbearers for Legacy are planning the "toga party" (it's fancy dress), but they haven't yet decided on the locale. Max Raine, Sonia Storch, and Diana Armstrong are on the committee.

Anne



NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION. Madame Roberto Regala, wife of the Ambassador for the Philippines, and Mr. S. E. Wilson admire the grand champion entry in The Australian Women's Weekly Embroidery Contest. Entries will be shown at Farmer's Bloxland Galleries until February 22.



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Margaret's, Wahroonga, are David Lane and his bride, formerly Mary Cadwallader, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Cadwallader.



LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Harley Sutor. Bride was Ruth Kellett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kellett, of Mudgee.

THE LUCKE QUADS



a picture of health thanks to **Steadiflow**
FEEDING BOTTLES

Worth Reporting

WHEN Scotswoman Mrs. Margaret Denoon was offered the position of nursing sister in Uganda, she said: "Where's that?" But she took the job.

That was 23 years ago, and now Mrs. Denoon is in Australia on six months' leave, staying in Sydney with her brother, whom she has not seen for 30 years.

"We were almost pioneers when I first went to Africa," Mrs. Denoon said. "There was no running water, no electricity, and the roads were ankle-deep in mud. Australia seems so civilised — houses, houses everywhere."

During her first 12 months in Africa, Mrs. Denoon nursed at both the European and the native hospitals at Kampala, in Uganda. Later, she was sent up-country to help establish the district hospital at Seroti.

Mrs. Denoon met her husband, who was also from Scotland, at a health show in Africa. She was demonstrating general health principles to the natives, and Mr. Denoon was there as representative of a tobacco company.

The safaris, when she accompanied her husband on his travels, are among Mrs. Denoon's most vivid memories of her life in Africa.

"Tom was sales manager for his company," she said, "and for two and a half months each year we went north from Kampala—our headquarters—to the tobacco-growing centres."

The back of the car was mostly taken up with boxes of copper and silver—about £5000 or £7000 worth. The natives don't regard notes as proper payment. They have their banks in the ground, and

white ants will eat paper money."

If you have a large, deserted anthill in the backyard, Mrs. Denoon has this method for cooking delicious bread.

"The cookboys used to hollow out a hole in an old ant-hill, and light a fire there. When the fire burned itself out, they would scrape the ashes away, put the dough in the hole, seal it up, and leave it."

"In a couple of hours the bread was cooked to a turn."

LURED by the magic words "slashed prices" and "drastic reductions," crowds of shoppers, almost equal to those before Christmas, are packing the pavements outside large city stores waiting for the open sesame at 9.05 a.m.

Among the luxuries one Sydney store "sacrificed" to its bargain tables recently was a Christian Dior handbag hollowed from a cork-tree trunk, about one foot long and eight inches in diameter.

The inside was lined with moss-green suede and the lid was made of coiled green rope.

The price? Reduced from 19 guineas to a mere £5.

BLOND Lillian Briggs, 22-year-old "moo" trombonist and jazz singer appearing in the Nat "King" Cole shows in Australia, had a special wardrobe made for the tour.

The wardrobe consists of four identically styled sheath-gowns—gold, green, white, and black—all made calf-length and entirely covered with sequins.

Each frock cost about £125 and weighs 15lb.

Grandma was a speed hog

WE hear of a 74-year-old American woman driver who paid a fine for speeding, and still thinks she got off lightly.

After paying her fine in a Californian traffic court she said to the magistrate:

"Is this case closed now—I mean nothing can change your verdict?"

The magistrate assured her it was closed.

"Well, in that case," the woman said, "I just want you to know that the officer who arrested me was wrong."

"I wasn't doing 80 miles an hour. I was doing 90."

Grace's uncle was in Sydney

"MY Daughter Grace," the biography of film actress Grace Kelly, written by her mother, which ended in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, brought a letter from a reader at Clovelly, N.S.W.

The reader writes: "Mrs. Kelly mentions an uncle of Grace's, Walter Kelly, who was known in vaudeville for 30 years as 'The Virginian Judge.'"

"I have an old Tivoli programme—Harry Rickard's Tivoli, that is—printed in 1913, referring to a number of artists who appeared there."

"In it there is a photo of Walter C. Kelly, 'The Virginian Judge.' His first Sydney appearance was on December 11, 1910."

"To quote the programme, 'He told good yarns, and, being an actor, an elocutionist gifted with humor, told them well.'"

"Also mentioned in this programme are Chung Ling Soo, Billy Williams, Houdini, and Marie Lloyd."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

JUNIOR, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT TWO SHILLINGS?



FROM MY PLAYMATE FOR A FAVOR!



THAT'S GOOD AND WHAT WAS THAT?



By RUD

If you are the woman in his life... Watch his Hair!

Like most men, he probably takes his hair for granted and accepts the view that nothing can be done about it when it starts getting thin. As a woman you know that unhealthy hair is not an inevitable condition of advancing years; you know that to be healthy and to grow vigorously every living thing needs proper nourishment and care. The hair depends for its growth upon a regular and perfectly balanced supply of 18 organic foods (amino-acids) normally carried to the hair roots by tiny blood vessels in the scalp; but this natural supply is often upset or reduced through worry, over-work, ill-health and other causes, and as a result the hair becomes dull, lifeless and brittle and finally begins to fall out—dead from starvation.

Can you protect his hair? Yes; by assisting nature from outside the body. Silvikrin, and only Silvikrin can take over where nature has failed; for Silvikrin contains in an organic solution all the hair-forming amino-acids (including tryptophane, leucine, and methionine) which nature itself provides to grow hair. Massaged regularly into the scalp, Pure Silvikrin feeds the hair roots with their natural food. Watch for warning signs; they are plain to see—dandruff, dry or greasy scalp, excessive hair coming out on the brush or comb. Start him using the Silvikrin products right away.

The Silvikrin Products for Hair Care

PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp—for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies—Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food and the foundation of the whole Silvikrin method.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIR DRESSING—FOR DAILY GROOMING. Specially prepared to be the ideal dressing for handsome, healthy hair. Contains (a) just enough oil to keep the hair handsome and neatly groomed all day, and (b) a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—so it is truly a tonic hair dressing.

Also available: **SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC**—an invigorating lotion without oil. For greasy hair—contains a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin.

Many women find that this pleasantly perfumed lotion freshens and invigorates the scalp, making the hair healthy, alive and delightfully easy to manage.



They go walkabout by air

STAMP pads for taking the thumb-prints of native passengers who can't sign for their tickets are standard equipment carried by A.N.A. air hostesses on the "Station Run," in the Gulf country of North Queensland.

The thumbprints identify such colorful characters as a massive aboriginal stockman who calls himself Darwin Flower and brothers Willie and Georgie Yam, whose cousin's surname is Potato.

These observations were made by amateur cinematographer Mr. Charles Jones, of Brisbane, when he recently visited the Gulf country collecting documentary movie material.

At Normanton, Mr. Jones met a contingent of 24 aboriginal drovers returning to their home territory in the Mitchell River country.

Wearing sweeping sombreros and fancy shirts they clambered into the aircraft, slung their riding saddles over the back of the plane seats, parked womeas and waddies in the luggage racks, and nonchalantly took off on their "wet-season walkabout."

TRAVELLING dogs are welcomed by the Hotel Canberra in Brisbane.

Any dog can book in at the Canberra, provided he is prepared to pay the 10/- a week tariff and bring his owner with him.

The dogs are allowed to walk through the thickly carpeted hotel lobby and use the guest lift.

From their dormitory quarters on the ninth-floor roof-garden the canine visitors can enjoy a magnificent view of Brisbane.

Silvikrin
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD



THE QUEEN'S NIGERIAN TOUR



● As a tribute to the Nigerian's love of color, the Queen, on her tour of the Federation, has worn many brilliant colors. Studying every facet of the Royal occasions of the tour, her designers made her a wardrobe complementary at all times to the nature of the function, and bearing in mind the gorgeous robes of the native chiefs and the highly colored national dress of the different regions. Her brilliant arrival dress, at left, which she wore with the palest pink hat with a cerise velvet crown, was designed to stand out in the massed, welcoming crowds; the cool blue dress, at right, was specially made to highlight the scarlet uniforms of the Nigeria Regiment as the Queen presented them with her colors. The triumph of the tour has repaid such close attention to detail.

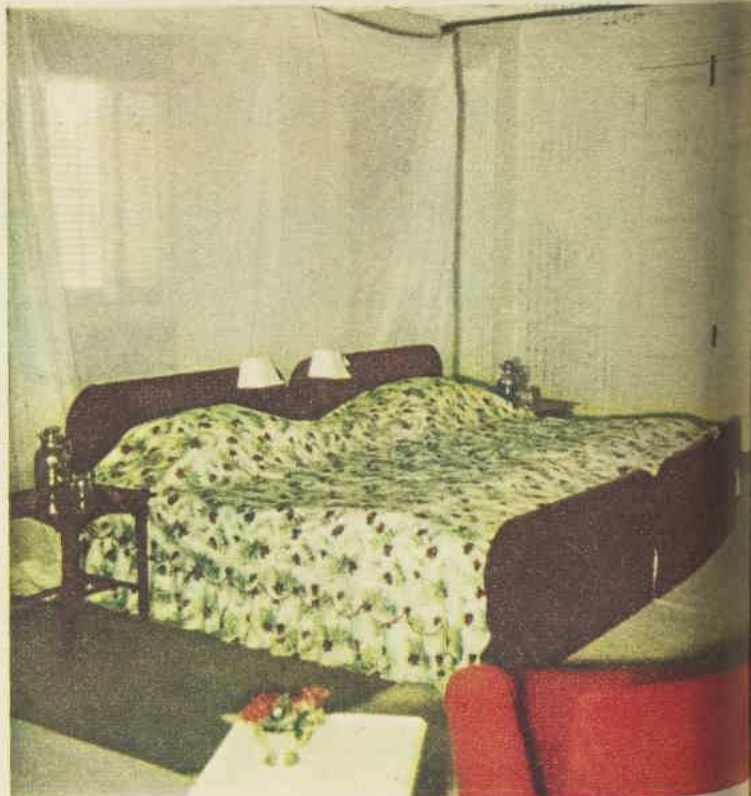


TO PRESENT new colors to the Second Battalion, the Nigeria Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, the Queen wore a simple blue frock, the perfect foil for the colorful Zouave uniforms—red jackets, cummerbunds, and tasselled fezzes, with khaki shorts.

THE QUEEN replies to an address of welcome soon after she arrived at Ikeja airport. Her "arrival dress" was a tremendous success with the crowd. Of deep and light shades of vivid coral, the dress, with a long-fitting bodice, was splashed with white flowers.



SERVANTS OF THE QUEEN. These nine Nigerians, photographed before a fountain in the grounds of Government House, Lagos, were specially chosen to wait on the Queen. Their duties include pulling the old-fashioned punkahs that cool the banquet hall.



ROYAL APARTMENT. Instead of the soft-colored flowery chintzes usually used in the Queen's bedroom, her specially air-conditioned room in Lagos was decorated in white, green, and cherry-red. All photographs by George Varjas. World Copyright by Ref.



OBA (KING) ADENIJI ADELE II of Lagos gives the Queen the freedom of the city. The ceremony is taking place beneath a portable canopy designed by Norman Hartnell. In gilt aluminium with a crown and corner shields embroidered in gold, the canopy is draped inside with rich velvet and silks. It has a transparent plastic cover against rain.

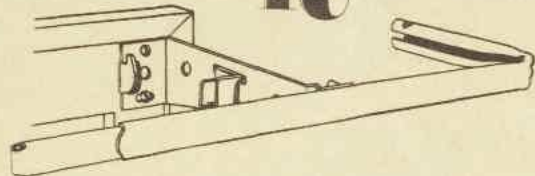
THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh (below), accompanied by the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson, are met by the Oba Adeniji Adele II (far left), President of the Lagos Town Council. As no wives of native chiefs are actually introduced to the Queen, the Oba was saved deciding which of his five wives should be presented.





Find the edge of the window?

It's under the **Kirsch** Extender Rod



The secret is the Kirsch Extender rod shown here, that holds the curtain out beyond the window sash, without marking the wall.

The Kirsch Extender Rod has other uses, too. If you want fixed side curtains on a window without rod showing in between—it's for you. If you want a fixed sheer curtain in between—there's a bracket provided for a Kirsch Gold Seal Rod. If you want to draw those sheer curtains—there's a bracket for a Kirsch Traverse Rod.

The Kirsch Extender rod is just one more example of what we're always saying — there's a Kirsch rod for every type of window, every style of curtain. Why don't you see the whole range at your local Kirsch retailer or at any leading store. They'll be glad to help with your window decorating problems.

All you have to do is be sure the rod you buy is Kirsch. Nothing else does so good a job.

Curtains by Margaret Jaye



This is a narrow window (picked out by the dotted lines) — but you'd never know. With the curtains hung on Kirsch Extender Rods, it's now well-proportioned — nearly two feet wider.

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

are products of WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES



Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Trial

THE trial of a 17-year-old Mexican boy who is unjustly involved in the death of a teenage American girl is the central situation in this courtroom drama.

A plot that is loaded with incident and often terrifying in its starkness is woven around this event by Metro with a good deal of effectiveness.

The documentary treatment of the material, as well as the newsreelish quality of the black and white photography, adds enormously to the film's impact. A noisy musical score distracts.

Star Glenn Ford, who played a crusading school-teacher involved in problems of juvenile delinquency in "Blackboard Jungle," scores

here as an idealistic, untried lawyer. Ford unknowingly hires out to the shrewd legal eye (Arthur Kennedy), whose job it is to defend the accused boy.

It doesn't take long for Ford to become enmeshed in a nest of political chicanery, for Kennedy turns out to be a hard-bitten Communist engaged in turning the case of a boy accused of murder into a fund-raising and propaganda issue.

Though Ford is the clean-cut hero of the piece, Kennedy has the film's plum role as the tainted politician with a personal axe to grind.

How Glenn Ford manages to save the boy, and at the same time rescue his romance with Dorothy McGuire's one-time Communist sympathiser, makes for strong entertainment that sometimes seems extreme.

In Sydney—St. James.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—"Camille," romantic drama, starring Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Dance, Little Lady," Eastmancolor musical drama, starring Mai Zetterling, Terence Morgan, Mandy Miller. Plus ★ "Meet Mr. Lucifer," comedy, starring Kay Kendall, Peggy Cummins, Stanley Holloway.

LYRIC.—★★ "Road to Utopia," comedy, starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour. Plus ★ "Red Mountain," technicolor Western, starring Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott, Arthur Kennedy. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "The Seven Year Itch," CinemaScope DeLuxe color comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Marilyn Monroe. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "Rage at Dawn," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Mala Powers, Forrest Tucker. Plus "I Cover the Underworld," crime drama, starring Sean McClory, Joanne Jordan, Ray Middleton.

PLAZA.—★ "House of Bamboo," color CinemaScope crime drama, starring Robert Stack, Robert Ryan, Shirley Yamaguchi. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "To Catch a Thief," color VistaVision romantic thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "The Baker's Wife," French-language comedy, starring Raimu, Ginette Leclerc. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "Doctor at Sea," technicolor VistaVision comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot, James Robertson Justice. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Trial," courtroom drama, starring Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Tight Spot," crime melodrama, starring Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, Brian Keith. Plus ★ "Wyoming Renegade," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Gene Evans, Martha Hyer.

Not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"The Purple Mask," color CinemaScope romantic adventure, starring Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller. Plus "Running Wild," juvenile drama, starring William Campbell, Marnie Van Doren, Keenan Wynn.

ESQUIRE.—"That Lady," color CinemaScope period adventure, starring Olivia De Havilland, Gilbert Roland, Paul Scofield. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—"The Young Lovers," romantic drama, starring David Knight, Odile Versois. Plus "Runaway Bus," comedy, starring Margaret Rutherford, Frankie Howerd.

PALLADIUM.—"Star of India," technicolor adventure, starring Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace. Plus "Hayfoot," comedy, starring William Tracy, Jo Sawyer, Elyse Knox. (Re-release.)

PARIS.—"Verdi, The King of Melody," musical biography in Ferranicolor, starring Pierre Cressoy, Anna Maria Ferrero. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—"Rains of Ranchipur," color CinemaScope drama, starring Lana Turner, Richard Burton, Fred MacMurray. Plus featurettes.



1 KATY (Sherree North) is upset when her author husband, Greg (Tom Ewell), right, is recalled to the Air Force. His agent, Henry, tells Greg he is to ghost a book for jet ace Sloan.



2 PARTY for Sloan (Rick Jason), centre, disturbs Greg because Katy is charmed by the flier. Then Greg is innocently involved with a woman guest. When he leaves, Katy enlists in the W.A.F.s.

Marital comedy

★ Comedian Tom Ewell and blond Sherree North co-star in Fox's new CinemaScope comedy "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts."

It is Ewell's first picture since "The Seven Year Itch," and Miss North's second for Fox.

As the film husband and wife whose idyllic marriage of three years' duration is threatened by the demands of service life, the stars are involved in much fun.

Rita Moreno, Rick Jason, and Alice Reinheart are in the cast.



4 AT SWANK FLAT Greg meets Sandra (Rita Moreno), a neighbor, who regales him with stories of Hawaii, where Katy has been sent. Greg flies over, but cannot see Katy until the weekend.



3 RUSHING to farewell his wife, Greg tells her he has been rejected because of a bad knee. He has nowhere to live, so Greg goes to Henry's flat.



5 ACCOMPANIED by a pretty native cook and sporting a growth of beard, Greg turns up at the weekend. Displeased, Katy promptly moves him into her quarters.



6 BRIDGE-PLAYING with Air Force wives is a pleasant pastime for Greg, but the pilots are unhappy, and Katy puts a stop to it. Greg's offer to do the housework flops. So he sets out to get her a mental discharge from duty.



7 DESPERATE measures are employed by Greg for the task. His imagination on the loose proves to be a fearful thing. Finally, Katy discovers the truth, resolves to transfer to Germany, and away from Greg.



8 THAT NIGHT Greg, in uniform, tells Katy and Sloan the news that his leg is better and the Air Force has accepted him. Katy, a mother-to-be, has a change in plans, too.

The makers of LEROY FASHIONS say

"Wash cottons
in Lux
because it's so safe"

From Italy, Switzerland, Britain come the finest summer cottons ever. So precious they'll demand the finest washing care. Never risk bar-soap rubbing or harsh washing methods! Use only safe, gentle Lux, as Leroy Fashions say, and all your frocks will stay lovelier longer.



P.S. Keep your hands pretty by washing-up with gentle Lux. Costs as little as a penny a day!



NEW FINER LUX

So safe you'll want
to use it always

U.424.WW122z

Relieve Torture
of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset, get Doan's. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.

Fly to
Paris
ON THE NEW
PAA
"PAY-LATER"
PLAN



Page 35

Australian beauty going places in Hollywood

—gives some advice on how to have lovely shining hair—always

Victoria Shaw — formerly Jeanette Elphick — has a starring role with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in "The Eddy Duchin Story" — a Columbia production in CinemaScope. Color by Technicolor.

"Prettiest girl in Australia" — a top-flight model — that was the story of Jeanette Elphick's life last year. But now! She's Victoria Shaw, glamorous Hollywood star, and on her way to the top in the cinema world. A dazzling success story!

Victoria Shaw is learning many thrilling new beauty secrets these days. But when it comes to hair care, she still follows the golden rule. Victoria says: "I never wash my hair with soap — I shampoo my hair with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo."

Why no Soap? Soaps are made to get dirt out of clothes, or get grimy hands clean — or to perfume your skin. Your tender scalp

and delicate hair need the sensitive cleansing treatment of a specialized product.

Why 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo? This is a gentle formula designed exclusively to clean and beautify hair. The super-soft lather works naturally on the oils of your scalp — will not dry them out, but frees them of the dust and clogging dirt they harbour. 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo leaves your hair feeling gloriously fresh.

Soap bubbles go flat — cling to each hair — leave a dulling veil. 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo's foam is soapless — rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair looks shining clean — alive with fascinating highlights... just like those you always see in the lovely hair of Victoria Shaw.



HOLLYWOOD PHOTOGRAPHERS are calling Victoria "The Face" — raving about her classical features — magnificent eyes, tip-tilted nose, perfect mouth and lovely soft hair — kept shining clean with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo.



BETWEEN TAKES, Victoria relaxes on the set with Tyrone Power. When those cameras roll into action they catch every twinkling highlight in her hair.



VICTORIA HAS SETTLED down in Hollywood — but she still loves Australia. Here, she chooses a toy kangaroo for her friends.



IN A COOL, sophisticated black and white sun frock Victoria admires a new creation shown in a Hollywood fashion salon.



VICTORIA'S HAIR must stay easy-to-manage. That's why she always uses 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo. "So wonderfully cleansing", says Victoria.

Trade Mark
Vaseline
Brand
LIQUID SHAMPOO

This weekend, follow Victoria Shaw's golden rule of hair care — shampoo with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo. For normal, oily or dry hair. At all chemists and stores in three sizes — Small 2/11, Large 4/6, and handy Snip-Pak 1/-.



"Vaseline" is a Registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning FEB. 20

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22</p> <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22</p> <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19</p> <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p>	<p>Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck lies in quiet places.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in having a loyal friend.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck lies in making requests.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, off-white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. There's luck in a change of scene.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in finding an article.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Lucky gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. There's luck in an adventure.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, purple, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Your luck lies in your job.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, red and gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Your luck lies in love, money.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, blue and black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. There's luck in an old box.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tri-color. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in a business transaction.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Your luck lies in a letter.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white and rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Your luck lies in self-confidence.</p>	<p>If you've made written application for a job or any kind of work, do not feel discouraged if you wait longer than you expected for an answer.</p> <p>You may start on a new tack, either as a paid or voluntary worker, simply because you know people already connected with the organisation.</p> <p>Every attempt to rise a step up the career ladder should be made with timeliness, extra work, doing the boss a favor, could pay off handsomely.</p> <p>Plan ahead, foresee possible openings in your field, train in theory and practice for greater responsibility which may lie around the corner.</p> <p>The pay envelope is always an important factor in any job. You may receive an offer with more money or better possibilities of future promotion.</p> <p>Wherever you work, whether for love or money, don't be afraid to delegate authority. If the inexperienced are eager to help, give them a break.</p> <p>These days are important, because you are building up assets, goodwill and knowledge of the game. They lead to efficiency, quicker methods, better conditions.</p> <p>There's luck in any work you do and the surprise element could carry you right out of dull routine. You'll like your job and find that hours spent on it fly.</p> <p>Lazybones. Many of you just can't be bothered to do more than the essential. Some of you quit your job and stay home for a spell or try new work.</p> <p>Those who are concerned with meeting the public find the job both varied and interesting. A renewed contact with some phase of it could prove stimulating and lead you far.</p> <p>Job-hunters land what they are after. The buyer and the seller of goods and services are under friendly stars. Some of you make arrangements for mutual help.</p> <p>Push your interests. Conclude transactions, agreements, sign contracts, exert yourself to persuade others to your way of thinking. You may attain a personal wish.</p>	<p>Your home life may be taken up with budgets, finance, the practical basis for your hopes and aspirations. Extravagance is likely to be frowned upon.</p> <p>Home entertaining is probable, so be prepared for unexpected guests, but don't make a martyr of yourself just to please some member of the family.</p> <p>Either your home will be merely a place to sleep or you give one large social function in it, and find you've had enough for a while. Try to relax.</p> <p>Those on holidays will buzz off to parts unknown. Others may be settling into a new groove with the children back at school. Sacrifices may be demanded of parents.</p> <p>A small secret from members of the family may give you a thrill. A surprise birthday-party, a gift which you are making, a project may prove exciting.</p> <p>You may pack the children off to the care of a relative and step out with your husband. If a teenager, simple home entertaining. Try to do most of the work yourself.</p> <p>A committee meeting may be held at your place of residence, or you try out a few domestic experiments, which show the way to quicker household methods.</p> <p>A new game may delight the family—new records, or some amusement never before indulged in. There would appear to be much quiet fun at home.</p> <p>This is the big moment for Sagittarians who happen to be househunting, renovating or improving the amenities of their place of residence.</p> <p>Jiggling around, off on visits to friends, or shopping trips, you'll scarcely look on the inside of your own four walls. You'll bring back plenty of gossip.</p> <p>Numbers of you will be keen to contact a man to do the garden, or find some means to escape home maintenance, which might prevent you from accomplishing other tasks.</p> <p>In your own home surroundings, in a quiet way, you are at your best. You may invite small numbers of people to informal afternoon tea or supper.</p>	<p>Your beloved may be seen only occasionally, and he has a certain fascination because you do not know him well. An incident could make you better acquainted.</p> <p>If quite young, this is probably your first love affair. It will be encouraged by parties, going around with the crowd, a partnership in sports competition.</p> <p>For many of you the announcement of your engagement, activities in connection with the wedding of a friend, or an interest in a good cause.</p> <p>Weekend parties can be romantic when the right material comes to hand. If on holiday travel bent, you may meet your fate under happy conditions.</p> <p>Should you and the one you love quarrel now it could be really serious, or at any rate it will leave scars. Pride is your stumbling block, so try to forgive.</p> <p>No Virgo native can bear to be alone under these aspects, so favorable to happiness with a member of the opposite sex. More than one offer of marriage will be made.</p> <p>There's a new thrill to be encountered, possibly in the place where you work or among people you contact daily. An acquaintance will bring you together.</p> <p>Whether sixteen or sixty, you are facing the season when love blossoms, and few of you will escape at least a touch of romance. You'll use it to reconstruct your world.</p> <p>This week is kind to the young marrieds who are happiest at home with just each other or the young family. Those still single plan their future home.</p> <p>You may go stepping out with the beloved on several pleasant expeditions, exploring new scenes or meeting new people. There is likely to be a deal of talk.</p> <p>Arguments with the one you love are most likely to arise over money. You disagree on how it should be spent, or there is not enough to carry out your ideas.</p> <p>Do your utmost to attract the attention of the one person you find most fascinating. If a girl, wear your prettiest clothes; if a boy, invite her out.</p>	<p>A much slower pace than of recent date. You've come to the end of one set of social activities and the next will not be evident for several weeks.</p> <p>This is fine for any kind of sport, also for picnics, outdoor life generally. Club work returns to begin new projects, and voluntary helpers begin to assemble.</p> <p>Most of the things you will accomplish have concrete reasons back of them, rather than mere amusement. You may cultivate people with an eye to business.</p> <p>A proposition to join a study circle is on the cards. If a teenager it could be a school of deportment or a dancing class. If older, a class in upholstery.</p> <p>Since you have a definite object in keeping to yourself to complete an enterprise dear to your heart, you may decline invitations and retire temporarily.</p> <p>Popularity is ace high. You're in the limelight and the central figure on any social occasion. Make the most of all these brilliant opportunities.</p> <p>Hard work behind the scenes without glory, but lots of fun. If a parent, you organise some treat for children. The middle-aged are in great demand.</p> <p>Double-banking your appointments? You're so rushed your diary is filled for a couple of weeks ahead. The debts and sub-debts are excited over coming events.</p> <p>Hospitality is always your slogan. You are the best host or hostess in the Zodiac. Any party you give now will go over with a bang, whether at home or elsewhere.</p> <p>Functions in honor of a returning or departing traveller could be held right on your doorstep. In some cases you yourself may be the guest of honor.</p> <p>You may decide to cut down on elaborate and expensive social stunts because you have other uses for your cash. Watch for the way people react.</p> <p>Take the lead now, make the first move in any social situation. You can bring together congenial friends, find new amusements for them, and earn thanks.</p>
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sat on until Hackett brought the phone to her.

"Your father on the wire, Miss Anne."

She stirred and braced herself as she heard his voice.

"Oh, yes, Jimmy?"

"Mouche, I'm at the club. I really should have dinner with a man tonight. Pretty important. Will you mind?"

An immediate sense of relief ran through her.

"Not a bit. I think I'll retire early. From shock. I've had a big afternoon. Your minion called and guess what? He brought me one dozen white orchids!"

"What the devil . . ."

"Yes. Sort of pathetic, wasn't it? He so wanted to do well by the boss' daughter. I feel like a bride or a corpse. I don't know which."

"Did you say a dozen?"

"Thirteen, to be exact. Twelve in a bowl and one on my shoulder. But be sure to say the right thing to him tomorrow, for he was so proud of himself. No wonder, at that price! The man means to be kind, Jimmy. I grant you that. Only please head him off if he shows signs of coming again. I couldn't take another batch of orchids."

"You're sure you're all right tonight?"

"Absolutely. As a matter of fact, I may ask Gran to come over and see my floral display! She'd probably think of a poem to fit the occasion and it should be celebrated! Have a good time, Jimmy. See you at breakfast!"

She hung up quickly before her voice broke. "On second thought," she murmured, "not even Gran. I'll have to fight this out all over again tonight. And it had better be tonight." The trouble as she knew was that the battle was never won.

She removed the orchid from her dress and put it in the bowl

Continuing . . .

The Golden Journey

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with the others, then rang for Miss Davis. When she came Anne motioned to the flowers.

"Davy, I can't look at them. Keep any you like for yourself and then take the rest to the kitchen. I have an idea the girls there would love them, and they shouldn't be wasted. And, Davy, could I have dinner in my room and just stay there tonight? Father won't be home."

Miss Davis looked at her with keen solicitude.

"If you wish," she said quietly, as she picked up the bowl of orchids.

Paul himself was having a somewhat disturbed mind over Johnny Bovard's sister. He had been invited to dinner at their home soon after he first met Johnny, and it had been a pleasant evening. Janis was dark, vivid in coloring, and full of vitality, with a frankness at once disarming and, to some extent, embarrassing.

The dinner had been followed later by a Sunday buffet, and several times now at Johnny's invitation he had gone with a group to a night-club, always being paired off with Janis, who made no secret that she liked the arrangement.

One day at lunch with Johnny after he had come back from the farm he broached his uneasiness.

"Look," he said, "there's something I want to tell you. I'm not just in the open field. There is someone. It may never work out, but at least I'm pretty deeply involved."

Johnny looked at him keenly. "I could see the other night that Janis was rather throwing herself at you. And I might say there's nobody I'd rather have for a brother-in-law, but if that's the way it is, good luck, old man. I'll take care of Janis."

Paul said: "I feel like an ass saying anything at all to you, but I don't think I ought to keep on going out with her. The way it is with me."

Johnny squinted over his glasses. "Funny about girls nowadays. Janis is all right. She's a good kid. Crazy and says what she thinks. But some of them! What a time I had last night! Gal called me up about six and asked if I'd take her out. She's good fun and I said yes. But before the evening was over I dumped her on the paternal doorstep and ran for my life. Disgusts you, sort of, doesn't it?"

Paul nodded soberly. Johnny went on: "Makes me feel I'd like to go back to the time when every girl was a pure, delicate lily who wouldn't even dance with a man who had liquor on his breath! Tell you one girl who had a good reputation among the fellows, Anne Kirkland."

"So?" said Paul.

"Yep. They all said so right along the line. Nice to all of them, but never too nice. And one of the most popular girls in college. Here in the city, too. Well, it just goes to show. Does the old man ever talk about her to you?"

"Very, very seldom," said Paul.

"Hm. Suppose it hurts too much. Awful tragedy that. Well, now let's get down to business. The big shindig is just one week from today, I suppose you realise."

"And how! I'm scared, and yet I still want to do it. I hope to heaven I don't let you down, after all the talking we've done about it."

"Not a chance. I'm going

out early that day to see that everything's set up right. Can you come out before lunch? You might like to get the feel of things. Gosh, I hope the weather will be good. We've got a ratty old marquee if it rains, but it would spoil the fun, so keep your fingers crossed."

As they parted in the lobby of the hotel where they had lunched, Paul remembered suddenly that he had meant to get a haircut that day. He turned on his heel and went down the stairway to the hotel barber shop.

He sat down in the chair near the door to which he was assigned and looked interestedly into the mirror's reflection of his surroundings. Suddenly he stiffened. At one of the manicure tables sat a man whose full, fleshy face he now knew. It was Camponelli! He was smiling with bold assurance at the pretty girl who was working carefully upon his hands.

"Nice kid, she looks to be, too," Paul was thinking. "The dirty rat!" He noticed one other thing. Every few minutes Camponelli glanced up at a chair nearby, where a man was being shaved. As the concealing lather was removed, Paul gave a start.

"If you please, sir, to sit

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still," his attendant requested, "and not change your position!"

"Sorry," Paul said. "But turn my chair a little more this way. I like the view."

The man being shaved was Arno! With a heavy weight of dismay upon him, Paul saw what followed. Camponelli studied his nails intently, handed a bill to the girl, whose eyes widened as she slipped it into her pocket, and then got up and made his way to the washroom. A few minutes later Arno followed him. There it was, just that. But Paul knew, with an inner certainty that was absolute, that this was not coincidence. They had not come out when he was finished and left the shop.

He walked slowly along the street, disturbed and uncertain. There was a hookup here, a live link between the numbers racketeer and Kirkland's right-hand man. Did Kirkland know it? Or was Arno working on some scheme of his own?

Back at his own desk, Paul found a message from Kirkland, asking him to call at the office that afternoon when work was over, so at five-thirty he presented himself. Kirkland was in fine fettle.

"If I were superstitious, Paul, I'd think our plans were going almost too well. Of course," he added, sobering, "on the one side we have enough worries to hold us down."

"Nothing new?" Paul asked anxiously.

"No; that's the trouble. Mrs. Catherby has been trying again to get her to talk about . . . well, about you, but it's no good. I've wondered sometimes if you called on Ellie—Mrs. Catherby— if maybe, between you, you could think of something."

"I would be glad to, if she's willing."

"I always tell her she's magic."

I get ideas out of the air when I'm with her."

"I'll wait one more week," Paul said, "and if we are still at an impasse I'll go to her."

"Good! But it wasn't that I wanted to talk about today. I've been in conference with Halsey and we've settled on a few highlights for your schedule this summer, beginning June fifteen. I'll give you a copy. But here's what delighted me. Right out of the hat Halsey pulled this one. He said he'd been very much impressed with you the day we lunched with him and that the capital needed bright young chaps like you. 'Ever think of him for a State Senator later on?' he asked. I kept a poker face and said that mightn't be a bad idea. Well," he added, giving Paul's shoulder an affectionate slap, "what do you think of that?"

"It sounds pretty wonderful," Paul answered. "If I can only make it."

"You'll make it all right. Now take a look at this," handing him a paper. "Brennen is my County Chairman with five hundred precincts under him. As soon as this speech of yours on the thirtieth is over, we'll get together with him. He knows this county like a book. As you go round making your speeches you'll get to know a lot of the committee members, little fellows, most of them. They may not seem important to you, but you'll get the feel of organisation from them. In politics you must build from the bottom up. Take these other papers along, too, and look them over when you have time. Platform stuff and all that. Fodder for your guns!"

As Paul left and went on back to his room, he thought earnestly of Kirkland. As a father his love for and devotion to Anne was beyond all question. She was, he knew, the centre of his heart. And yet

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SO CREAMY

It Whips

JUST LIKE CREAM

MAKE 2 PINTS OF CREAMY "TOPPING"

Empty a 12-oz. tin of Ideal Milk into a refrigerator tray. Chill until soft ice crystals appear throughout. Pour into chilled bowl. Whip until stiff. Add 1-2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and whip very stiff. Beat in 1 cup of sugar and suitable flavouring. It can be served at once, or held cold in refrigerator for several hours. If smaller quantity desired, halve the contents of a 12-oz. tin or use a 6-oz. tin and half the other ingredients.



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Highlight Summer Meals

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ICE CREAM

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NESTLÉ'S IDEAL EVAPORATED MILK.

Ingredients: One 12-oz. tin Nestlé's Ideal Evaporated Milk, 2 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1-1½ teaspoonfuls vanilla essence. Makes two trays. (To make one tray, use 6-oz. tin and half the other ingredients.)
Method: Place unopened tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making, set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, cool. Open tin of Ideal Milk and pour contents into bowl. Add sugar and essence. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine. Whip until thick. Freeze; place in freezing trays in refrigerator until frozen.



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ST. CLEMENT'S DELIGHT

Ingredients: 1 cup chilled Ideal Evaporated Milk, 3 tablespoon sugar, 1 lemon, 3 or 4 oranges, 1 dessertspoon gelatine.

Whip Ideal Evaporated Milk, then whip in sugar gradually and the gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little boiling water. Peel oranges, removing pith, and cut into small pieces. Stir the orange pieces and juice together with the juice of the lemon into the mixture. Place in glass dish, decorate with pieces of orange and chill in the refrigerator. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



EGGS GOLDENROD

Ingredients: 4 eggs (hard boiled), 1 ounce butter, 1 tablespoon flour—rounded, 1 cup Ideal Evaporated Milk, 1 cup water, salt to taste, pepper.

Prepare a white sauce of the butter, flour, salt, pepper, boiling water and milk. Peel eggs, slice and add to hot white sauce. Serve on hot buttered toast or bread.



ORANGE CREAM MOUSSE

Ingredients: 1 orange jelly (1 pint packet), 2 pint hot water or 1 pint water and 1 pint orange juice, 1 12-oz. tin Ideal Evaporated Milk, 1 dessertspoonful lemon juice, orange quarters, angelica, thorn or nuts to decorate.

Make up 1 pint packet of jelly to a little over 2 pint and allow to cool, but not set. Whisk Ideal Evaporated Milk until thick and lemon juice and re-whisk. Whisk thick jelly to a foam and fold into milk. Pile mixture into sundae glasses. Decorate with orange quarters, angelica and nuts. 4 servings.



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the strange game in which he was involved had the patent power to cause him to forget all other cares, all other joys. It was not just the normal concentration of any man upon his business or profession. With Kirkland there was an intensity coupled with a certain strange exhilaration which made Paul feel that the man might put this interest above everything else in a test.

Would he, Paul, ever reach that point, he wondered uneasily? For he knew without learning that there was danger here. There was allurements, there was enticement, there was forever the temptation of the seductive fruit, the Golden Apples of power which hung before all whose imagination could envisage them, from the great manipulators down to the "little fellows," as Kirkland had termed them, sitting in smoke-filled back rooms behind village drug-stores or barber shops. And he, too, had glimpsed the tantalising fruit, else why was he started upon this amazing journey?

His heart suddenly knew fear, and yet he also knew that he would not turn back.

After a half-week of chilly showers, May 30, Memorial Day, dawned fair, warm, and beautiful. Paul would have preferred reaching Redstone when lunch was over, but he didn't want to disappoint Johnny. Having promised Hartwell to drive him out, they went together, reaching the mines a little before noon. They passed slowly through the main street, noting the flags and bunting flying bravely from most of the dull red doorways. The gaunt tippie and washer rose bleakly behind, and the coke-ovens stretched their sullen, smoky length, which at night would turn to pillars of fire.

"It's a far cry from the mines as I knew them as a young man to a holiday ox roast and beer on tap," Hartwell said. "If the operators had done a little of this in the old days, along with a few other things, they might not be plagued with the union now. Ah, well, it's live and learn. If any of us ever do," he added. And then, "Highly-tighty, what a scene!"

On a level meadow just beyond the town was spread the fête. Crowds of men, women, and children were milling about. A baseball game was in progress, a dozen groups of men were throwing horseshoes, a merry-go-round was entertaining the children as its cheerful wheeze sounded above the other noise. In a huge depression from which pungent odors were drifting, the ox was apparently ready to be eaten. Rough tables and benches had been set up and, at a side one, a row of chefs in white caps were busy setting forth the food on paper plates.

Johnny rushed up to greet them, flushed and exuberant. "Quite a set-up, what?" he asked. "Even Dad thinks it's pretty good. Come on and get a seat while you can grab one. I'm just about to ring the dinner bell." He flourished his megaphone and then sent his call flying over the countryside.

"Come and get it!" he belated, and at once there was a general rush for the tables.

As he ate, Paul studied the faces about him. Southern and Central European mostly, with here and there a few Scots and Englishmen, he would guess. As he studied a raised platform beyond the tables, with a sort of pulpit box decked with patriotic emblems, he had a sudden feeling of fright and weakness. He wished he could cut and run. But there could be no escape now, for the time itself was approaching. The big pieces of pie were rapidly disappearing from the plates; the coffee cups drained.

When all were finished Johnny appeared with his megaphone.

"We will now have the exercises of the day, after which the games can begin again and last as long as you care to stay. Plenty of grub left, too, if you get hungry later. How do you all feel? Pretty good?"

A roar of satisfaction greeted this sally.

"All right, then, keep to your benches, only face this way towards the platform. Will those taking part now please come forward?"

"Here I go," Paul said to Hartwell. "Wish me luck."

The introduction was brief, and in a few seconds he found himself standing at the loud-speaker behind the flag-draped box looking out over the faces raised curiously to his. He saw Kirkland sitting in a parked car at the edge of the field. This was a surprise to him. He waited for a breath or two, and then, in the rich, moving voice bequeathed him by his mother, he began.

"One hundred and eighty years ago this spring my own ancestor left the Old Country to come to America. He and his wife and baby came steerage in



"This blind date you're getting me had better be good!"

a rough four weeks' crossing. Their little child died on the way over."

He could feel the sudden change from casual interest to profound attention. Their eyes now seemed to pierce him through, for he had begun in the only possible way to make himself one with them.

Very simply then he began to tell them the story of America. First of the pioneers who had with their strong hands cut down the primeval forest. He told of the hardships, particularly vividly from the history of his own forebears as he had so lately read it: of the little girl "captivated" by the Indians and never heard of again; of the bride found scalped on her own doorstep; of the boy clawed to death by a panther on the edge of the very mountain they could see rising blue in the background; of the woman fatally bitten by a rattlesnake as she went to the spring for water.

He went on. Under his dramatic description the listeners saw the wilderness tamed, and the gradual fields of grain spreading westward. Briefly, era by era, he showed how the men and women from the Old World, and the descendants, had built a new one, with heavy toil, with constant danger, but always with faith in their hearts. For there were wide spaces here, and freedom, and always, summer and winter, the blessed sunshine which engendered hope.

At the end he looked down upon the still, intent, listening faces. His voice took on a deeper timbre.

"I have tried to tell you the story of this land, the land that is now yours. The old first dangers have long since passed,

but there are others, as you know, facing us now. This is a great country and dearly bought. Love it, work for it, believe in it, and keep it free for yourselves and for your children!"

He moved back and a moment's impressive silence was followed by thunderous applause.

Paul's throat felt full. Perhaps he had gotten his message across! Perhaps he had really made them feel it!

If he had any doubt of this it was dispelled by the reception afterwards, for the men crowded awkwardly around him to shake his hand and speak broken words of understanding.

"That's a-right, mister. This a good-a country!"

"I come over, no can spik English. Now my boy, he take beeg honor in high school!"

"You talk right, mister. No scare here in America."

So it went. One woman made so bold as to edge close.

"I never hear about those first people that come from the Old Country before. We think we all the time work hard. But we don't have snakes and Indians. Mebbe we have it pretty much better as those first ones, huh?"

"I think we do," Paul agreed, smiling.

It seemed a long time before the crowd was willing to scatter again to their games. Their eagerness to speak to him, to shake his hand moved Paul greatly, and in proportion as he was touched by this he was filled with a deep and humble elation. In his heart he knew, as one old miner had put it, that he had "done good."

When Johnny finally got to him alone, his face was so serious that Paul was startled.

"By golly, man, I expected a good speech, but I wasn't prepared for anything like that! I all but blubbered a couple of times. You had us in the palm of your hand. It . . . you . . . Oh, I can't say it, but it was great!"

Bovard himself was highly pleased, and Kirkland, getting out of his car and coming close, said in a low tone, "Well, that does it! I'll not stop till I get you in the White House!"

Paul laughed. "One speech doesn't make a President, I believe. But I've something important to ask you. Could you arrange to be away from home this evening?"

Kirkland's eyes narrowed. "I have to be," he said. "Why?"

"Nothing!" Paul answered. "Just an idea."

Kirkland gave him a long look. "I'm going to be with Brennan tonight at his home," he said as he hurried off.

It was Hartwell's commendation Paul craved most, but the old man said nothing until they were back in the car. Then, very slowly and with a slight break in his voice, he said, "My boy, I'm very, very proud of you!"

And then they both hastened to talk of other things, entirely, all the way home.

Paul made a pretence at eating dinner at the restaurant, but his heart was beating too heavily for appetite. Johnny had clamored for a night's celebration, but he had refused. The truth was that he had made a promise to himself that if the speech went well he would go that very evening to see Anne. He would allow nothing this time to deter him. If it took force to get in, force it would be.

Hackett opened the door in answer to Paul's ring.

"Good evening, Hackett. I'm calling to see Miss Anne," Paul announced firmly.

"I'm sorry, Miss Anne is not at home."

"I intend to come in!"

"Her orders are that she does

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pin-Quick

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A special Pin-Curl Home Permanent for
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not wish to see you, Mr. Devereux.

For reply Paul put a hand upon Hackett's chest and pushed, moving over the threshold as he did so. To his amazement a wide grin overspread Hackett's countenance as he allowed himself to be propelled farther backward.

"I did my best to keep you out, Mr. Devereux. She's up in her sitting-room," he added in a pleased stage-whisper.

The surprise of the older man's reaction was so great that it sent over Paul a wave of optimism. He nodded his thanks and hurried to the stairway, taking in its incredible grace as always as he started up, and arrived in a moment all but breathless at the top. He could see Anne's sitting-room door very slightly ajar. He reached it gently and pushed it open.

Anne sat on the sofa beside the window, her head propped on her hand as she gazed at the garden below. Her whole attitude was that in which he had first seen her, one of utter sadness and dejection. With a cry he started towards her. She turned, shock written on her pale face. "Paul! Oh, why did you do this?"

He was very close to her now, feeling the full weight of his passion. "Because I had to come! Surely you knew I would, sooner or later. Anne, why have you tortured me so? Why have you held me off? You know I love you, that I want more than anything on earth to marry you."

Then he sank down beside her and his arms went round her. She tried to struggle against him.

"You are mad, mad to think of such a thing. I can't marry you. Surely you must know."

Their broken words ran into one another.

"Do you love me, darling? Oh, say you love me; that's all that matters."

"I tried so hard . . . Oh, Paul, I fought so desperately for what I thought was your best good . . ."

"Do you love me?"

Suddenly all the tension went out of her body. As if in supreme giving she yielded to the urgency of his strength as she sobbed against his breast.

"Yes, yes! From the first, I think. But that last night I knew I must . . . Oh, Paul, I love you so terribly, so utterly . . ."

For a long time the words were blurred and inarticulate and unnecessary. At last she raised her head. The tears were still wet on her cheeks, and Paul tenderly wiped them away. She reached up to smooth his hair.

"I've always wanted to do that," she said, smiling, and then a gravity fell fast upon her face again.

"But, even so, Paul, even with all our love, how can we think of marriage . . . as I am?"

He had gone over his arguments so often in his mind that they poured from him now, with the fierceness of established conviction.

"I will tell you," he said, "just how it is on my side, for I know that is what troubles you. I love you, the essential you, your mind, your spirit, your body. The fact that you cannot walk does not alter that."

"It so happens, I love quiet evenings of talk or reading aloud—the sort we've always had. I hate cocktail parties. I like the theatre. We can go, just as we did before. We can do so many things of that kind, in that way. As to my carrying you—I will be so proud to do it. I'll be always thinking as I hold you, 'She's mine! She's mine!'"

"Don't!" Anne said brokenly. "Don't! You're so wonderful, it hurts!"

"So you see our marriage

Continuing . . .

would be nothing strange or in the slightest way impossible. My heart will never stop aching for what you have to miss. But I will miss nothing important myself. Oh, my darling, I'll try to make up to you in every way I can, always, always. I'll try with all my powers to make you happy!"

As she was about to speak, he broke in, this time embarrassed.

"One more thing I must say, before you answer. If you could get about normally I'm afraid I'd be insufferably independent, wanting you to live on my salary and all that. But I've thought this all through. My pride may suffer a little, but that's really unworthy. The thing is, I will probably just have to hang up my bat here, if your father doesn't object, and accept a good deal from him, or, rather, let you accept your life as usual. It's the only possible way for your comfort. You do understand this part, don't you, dear?"

She sat silent for a few moments, and then such a radiance flooded her face that Paul felt dazzled. She could not speak, but she raised her eyes, shining with relief and wonder, and he understood.

Some time later Anne

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young man, I find, is obstinate!"

Their conversation was brief and light, with Kirkland's "Thank God, my boy!" spoken under his breath. It emphasised, however, the sense of concealment Paul had felt earlier.

"And now, Gran! Even if it wakes her up," Anne cried when he had finished.

If another drop had been needed to fill the cup, Mrs. Catherby's surprise and joy provided it.

When there was quiet again, Paul said, "And now, about the wedding."

A shadow like a dark cloud at noon fell upon Anne's bright face.

"The wedding," she repeated dully.

In the instant Paul saw what must be passing through her mind: the bride descending the beautiful stairway in her robes of white; her stately procession on her father's arm up the flower-decked church aisle with her bridesmaids preceding her and all the gay world of her friends looking on as she approached the high beauty of the altar where he himself would be waiting . . .



"My husband is the exact size of our picture window."

straightened as though coming back suddenly to reality.

"Oh, we must try to get Father at once! He'll be dumb-founded, I know, but he'll be terribly happy. He likes you. I wonder where he is!"

"He's with Mr. Brennan. I'll look up the number."

As Anne held the phone she looked up innocently.

"Do you think he has the least idea about . . . us?" she asked.

Paul felt a miserable sense of deceit. "He's a pretty smart man," he countered.

When Kirkland finally spoke, Anne's voice was vibrant in reply.

"Jimmy! I've got the most wonderful, the most fabulous, the most stupendous news you ever heard! Hang on to your chair or something. Who do you think is engaged? Me. Anne, your daughter! Paul and I are going to be married. Can you believe it?"

Paul could hear the burst of Kirkland's joy from where he stood. It went on for several minutes, punctuated with Anne's happy interjections.

"He's thrilled," she said over her shoulder. "And I do believe he suspected all along . . . Yes, Jimmy? His speech? No. He hasn't mentioned it yet. We've had some other things under discussion. Yes? . . . He says you were wonderful, Paul; that you should have been an actor and that you could make anybody believe anything! . . . Well, he's made me believe he loves me, Jimmy. I've never been so happy! Here's Paul now to ask you for my hand. Don't refuse, for it won't do you any good. The

He laid his cheek against hers and his voice was infinitely tender.

"I know, my darling, I know. But we are two people pledged to think only of the essentials, aren't we?"

She kissed him for answer.

"In the fall, do you think?"

"The fall?" Paul burst out.

"Good heavens, no! I want to be married right away. Why on earth should we wait? A lifetime will be all too short to have you as my wife. Couldn't we be married next week? That would give us a little honeymoon somewhere before I have to start campaigning for Hal-sey. I can get that postponed for a bit, since I know the Boss! Please, Anne!"

"Next week!" She drew back, startled, and then slowly began to smile. "You don't realise it, but everything you say seems to be just what I need to make me feel secure. I must get some new clothes, and think out just how we'll manage the ceremony, but, after all these endless months of nothing to do, it will be heavenly to feel rushed and flurried and absolutely driven for time."

She went on slowly, as though still weighing the incredible sound of the words, "If you wish, we will be married next week. We can go up to the camp for our . . . honeymoon. I love it, and you will, too, I know. It would be the best place for many reasons. I know we're both insane . . . but, oh, let's plan!"

It grew later and later and then early before Paul left. When he finally reached the front door he found Hackett dozing in a chair. He touched his shoulder.

"I'm sorry to have kept you up so long, Hackett, but you can look up now. Want to hear a big piece of news?"

The old man jumped. "Miss Anne?" he asked huskily.

"We're going to be married next week. Congratulate me!" Hackett wrung his hand, while his eyes misted over.

"With all my heart," he said. "I've lived here for twenty years and I can tell you there's no girl like her. You never did a better job than when you nearly pushed me over. I've been praying you'd do some such thing. Well! Well! The Lord be praised and bless you, sir!"

The next day, after a late lunch with Kirkland, Paul returned with him to his office to pick up some papers.

"I think I'll tell Arno and Miss Sayles," he said. "They've been very kind to me."

"Good!" Kirkland said. "I almost told them myself, but decided you'd want to."

Paul went into the other office, where Sayles looked up frigidly from her typewriter and Arno rose in more than usual friendly fashion.

"Hello, Devereux," he said, "have a seat. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thanks," said Paul. "And I won't sit down, for my own work's waiting. I just dropped in to tell you both that Miss Kirkland and I are to be married Saturday of next week."

Miss Sayles' mouth opened and remained so. Arno's face went white and then scarlet with color.

"Not . . . Anne?" he brought out thickly.

"Yes, I'm a very happy and lucky man. Just thought you'd both be interested to hear about it. Well," as the silence continued, "so long!"

He closed the door behind him and chuckled as he told Kirkland.

"It bowled them over. They could barely speak. As a matter of fact, Miss Sayles said nothing at all and Arno merely gulped something. Well, I'm still enough stunned myself to excuse other people for being so. I'll see you at the house to-night."

Back in the office Sayles looked at Arno, who was standing motionless.

"Well," she said, trying to make the words light, "that was a piece of news if ever I heard one!"

Arno's knuckles were white on the back of the chair. "The low, fortune-hunting, scheming rat! He knows which side of his bread's buttered, all right!"

Sayles' eyes widened. "You're right! That's all it could be, the way she is. Well, her money's done her some good. I suppose, if she wants to buy that with it."

Arno turned abruptly and went out.

Sayles sat very still. Her white blouse was immaculate as usual, her hair smooth perfection, her carefully manicured hands rested lightly upon the typewriter, but her normally inscrutable countenance was broken with pain.

So that's how it's been with him, she thought. It's not believable, but then nothing ever is. It's hit him hard all right, poor Arno. Then with a deep sigh she added half aloud, "And poor me!"

If Kirkland could have seen her then he would not have thought her sexless.

Anne had her wish. For the next ten days from morning until late at night she was busier than she had ever been before in her life. But because

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of this and the joint advice of Gran and Miss Davis, there was going to be a real wedding after all.

"It's wonderful, under the circumstances, to do it this way," Anne told Paul the night before. "I mean when it has to be so different it's sort of dramatic to have it sudden and soon. And everyone is so excited and pleased."

"Including the groom. Only I've hardly seen you since the night you agreed to marry me."

Anne turned the shining diamond upon her finger. "I'll try to give you a little time, afterwards," she said demurely. Then looking up with her heart in her eyes, "You're sure, Paul, I won't be a hindrance to you in your political career? We really didn't give that enough thought."

Paul's answer was thoroughly convincing.

On the evening itself, their closest friends, young and older, gathered in the music room, where an orchestra was playing softly, and upon the stroke of eight were ushered into the great drawing-room, seldom opened, but now decked with flowers and shining with candlelight. At the farthest end sat Anne, radiant and lovely, in billowy white with a tiara of orange blossoms on her hair. Paul stood close beside her with her father near to perform his part, and the clergyman facing them.

The vows were pledged, the prayers were offered, the rings exchanged, the blessing given, the nuptial kiss received. They were man and wife!

Then while the guests filed past, chairs and small tables appeared as if by magic. The champagne was circulated, the elegant supper served, toasts were drunk, with Johnny Boydard in his finest form proposing all sorts of absurd ones, while Hartwell offered the most tender. The music played, the laughter and chatter grew louder and gaiety filled the room and flowed out through the tall windows into the dusk.

When the company gathered at last in the hall to watch the stairway, they found themselves outwitted. Paul with his sweet burden appeared from the small morning-room, where Anne had changed, and in a moment was at the door.

"You're carrying me over the threshold in reverse, you know," the guests, crowding forward, heard her say gaily to Paul.

For answer, as though no one were looking, he kissed her and then, both laughing, they moved quickly over the porch to the waiting car, where Hackett stood holding the door open.

Paul set her in her place, ran around to his own side and they started. But slowly, for the young people gathered all about them, shouting their goodbyes and good wishes, throwing their rice and confetti all the way down the drive. Then with a last wave, Paul stepped on the accelerator and they were off, into the warm encompassing darkness of the summer night.

It was the last night of the honeymoon. They sat on the terrace watching the full moon rise above the mountain, blanching the purple of the valley below to palest mauve. There was the beauty of completion, of utter fulfilment in the great golden orb which accorded with the mood of their own hearts.

The fortnight had held within it all the incredible felicities of which they had both dreamed. The camp, which was really a wide-spreading and finely built house, was now, with the new highway for most of the distance, only a two-hour drive from the city; they had reached

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at the night of the wedding a little after one.

Davy, driven over by the Kirkland chauffeur, had left earlier, and was unobtrusively in her place when they got there. She and the couple who were year-round caretakers attended to their physical comfort and in between times made themselves invisible; so the lovers had the feeling of being alone on the hilltop, with the warmth and sweetness of June enfolding them.

A lovely and satisfying pattern soon sprang up to fill their days. Paul took a long brisk walk in the morning while Anne, with Davy's help, was bathing and dressing, after which there was a late, deliciously delaying breakfast-luncheon on the terrace. Dinners were varied according to their impulse, sometimes stately with candlelight and Anne in one of her bewitching trousseau gowns; sometimes picnic fashion from the coffee table before the fire when the nights were unusually cool. In between they read aloud, played games, and talked endlessly with open hearts.

This last night as they sat on the terrace, looking at the rising moon and listening to



"They want the recipe for this. Get the tin and read the label."

the soft mountain sounds round about them, which were somehow quieter than silence. Paul from the step leaned back against Anne's knees and her hand gently caressed his head.

"I hope," she said softly, "that as soon as possible I will have a baby. You know the doctor says that is one thing I should be able to do as well as any woman."

"You would have something better than Devvie to hold on your knee, then."

Anne laughed. "But really," she went on, "there is so much I could do for a baby, even . . . as I am. I could bathe it and dress it and rock it and sing to it . . . you know they allow that, now. Then later on I could read to them and teach them all sorts of things . . ."

"I note you have changed to the plural," Paul broke in.

"Oh, yes. I do hope we have several. Then, when they come home from school, I would always be home. Oh, I do think, Paul, I can still be a good mother."

He could not speak for a long moment. The tenderness of it all brought such a lump to his throat.

"The dearest, the best, the loveliest in the world," he whispered.

When they got back to the city, Kirkland's reception, for a reserved man, bordered upon the ecstatic. He seemed full not only of happiness but of suppressed excitement.

When he could get Paul into his study he began nervously, "Of course it's too soon. I mean naturally some months may elapse before . . . What I really wanted to tell you is

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that I've already gotten in touch with Dr. Hertzoel! He is most interested in hearing of the marriage. He has promised that later on . . . whenever the time arrives, he will come over and be here for the . . ."

Paul was distinctly annoyed.

"I think that is all very premature. I may say that what you are thinking of is certainly not the thing uppermost in my mind at the moment."

"If you were her father it would be," Kirkland said, apparently not conscious of the edge in Paul's tone. "And I hope you will tell me . . . I mean when it does happen . . ."

"Anne is the one to do that," Paul broke in shortly. "And now what is the plan right now for me? I'd like to be briefed as soon as possible so I can get at my speeches." His voice softened. "As I guess you can well imagine, I haven't thought about them much these past weeks."

Kirkland's eyes suddenly filled. "I know, my boy, I know. She's very like her mother! I'm so thankful, so

ter breed. And I'll be most happy to go to dinner when it's convenient. Well, well, do you think you can bring yourself down to earth now?"

Paul laughed. "I've been up among the stars, all right, but I'll try to get back to business in a hurry. By the way, I need your help. I'm to start speaking for Halsey next week, and I suddenly realise I have no fund of stories. Mr. Kirkland thinks they're pretty important. Could you dig me up some that I could work in here and there?"

Hartwell stroked his moustache. "Use a Lincoln one whenever you can. That always goes over anywhere. You should have a few just for the country, too. I'll see what I can gather up. By the way, we've run into a very puzzling case while you've been gone."

They settled then to talk it over, and Paul's face grew grave. It seemed that the firm of Willis & Company had put in their bid along with several others for the contract of filling a dump on the east side of the city. It was a big project. Willis represented that his bid was for 100,000 dollars, which he considered a fair one. He would have given the city a good job and made himself a reasonable profit. He lost the contract but had learned later that the company that got it was to receive 180,000 dollars.

"How did he find that out?" Paul asked.

"Oh, the award bid is always posted. In any case he's determined to sue the city. I have a strong suspicion he has reason enough. We're graft-ridden certainly, but whether we can do anything about this, I'm not so sure."

"I'd like to sink my teeth in that," Paul said determinedly.

Hartwell studied his desk.

"Perhaps I should not tell you until our suspicions are confirmed, but we've been making a quiet investigation. The company that got the contract is a smallish one under the name of Betts and Bolton. They deal chiefly in slag, and we find most of it comes from Kirkland mines."

"Well," Paul put in, "they have a right to get it anywhere, haven't they?"

Hartwell nodded. "But we are inclined to think Kirkland owns the company and operates it under this other name . . . a front, as it were."

"You have proof?"

"We have a good deal. What then?"

Paul got up abruptly. "Mr. Hartwell, I can't believe this! If it should turn out to be true and you take the case, it will hit me very hard. But let me know what happens. You can understand how I feel."

"I do, I do, my boy. Don't get excited. I doubt if we'll decide to go further into the matter at all though I'm strongly tempted to see what we could do with it. As I told you, the welfare of the city interests me. But you just forget it for the present, and go on with your speeches. I'll see what I can do for you in the way of stories. Well, it's good to have you back and I'm very happy for you."

It was a nice dismissal but Paul returned to his own office disturbed and perplexed. If Kirkland was really involved in this situation, which looked like city graft at its worst, did he dare refuse to acknowledge it? And if the firm took this case it would cause daily headlines for weeks. Being a member of the firm he would be in some sense associated with it all even if not actively involved.

It was bitterly hard to run into a thing like this upon his

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happy return! He plunged into matters awaiting him on his desk, determining — rather vaguely, he thought — to do nothing, to say nothing for the present until he saw how the problem developed.

Each evening after office hours he rushed home to Anne, shedding cares as he went. The delight of her personality was ever new. Just now she was full of plans for converting certain rooms upstairs into a suite for themselves. Her sitting-room across the hall would remain as it was, for they both loved it, but her bedroom was being refurnished, "just to add a little note of masculinity here and there," as she put it, and the rather spacious writing-room beyond converted into a dressing-room and study for Paul.

On the other side, as Anne pointed out, a door could be cut into a guestroom later on, and open into what would be an ideal nursery. Each morning she showed him samples of fabrics, of wall-papers, of pictured furniture, and her own carefully drawn plans. He knew all this involved a large outlay of money and he hesitated how to approach the rather troublous problem. One night he felt he must speak of it.

"I would like to bring down the old secretary from home and perhaps a few other pieces for my room. Would you mind?"

"Mind? Oh, Paul, I think that would be lovely! I should have thought of it myself. Maybe we can decide on the carpeting first, and the hangings, too—they should be simple but very rich, don't you think? And then when everything else is done, you can have your furniture sent down. I do want this room to be very, very handsome for you."

"There is one thing I must tell you," Paul said gently. "I will pay for everything in it myself. Your room—well, it's still really your room. I'll say nothing about that. But the expense of mine must all be borne by me. So, don't make it all too handsome, will you?"

Anne looked surprised and hurt. "Why, I thought we'd settled the wretched money business once and for all," she said.

"In a sense, yes. But it's bound to keep cropping up. There will always be things I will want to pay for if I can, and you must humor me. For instance, I want you soon to have a hat, or something very extravagant, and charge it to me, so when the bill comes in I can hit the ceiling and make a scene like a proper husband—and then love writing the cheque for it. You see?"

They were sitting on the sofa in her sitting-room beside the opened windows. She laid her head against his breast and his hand caressed the shining hair.

"You are so dear, so inexpressibly dear," she whispered.

It was long before they took up their planning again.

One thing which puzzled Paul during these weeks was Arno's attitude towards him. The first day he went into Kirkland's office the Chief himself was out so Paul went on through, smiling, to speak to Arno and Miss Sayles and receive their congratulations. These latter, however, were not forthcoming. After the barest greeting Sayles concentrated on her typing while Arno looked at him with a smile but what seemed like actual malevolence in his black eyes.

"How are you, Arno?"

"Why, pretty good, Mr. Devereux."

"How are things going?"

"Well, such as what?"

Still the smile, but Paul felt the insolence. He met it with quick sarcasm.

"Oh, the weather, of course. It's the only thing really worth discussing."

"Why, it's been pretty warm here these past weeks. I suppose where you've been it was nice and cool." It was almost a sneer.

"Do you know when Mr. Kirkland will be in?" Paul asked sharply.

"I really wouldn't know."

"Could you give me any idea?"

"Afraid I couldn't."

Paul turned on his heel and went into Kirkland's office to wait. What was the matter with the fellow? He had always been more than friendly before; now he was not even civil. He recalled Arno's face when he had told him about his coming marriage. At the time he had attributed his silence to surprise. Could it have been shock as well? And if so, why?

Kirkland came in soon, as Arno must have known he would. He closed the door between the rooms and then sat down with evident pleasure for a talk.

"Look," Paul said in a low tone, "before we discuss any-

thing else, can you tell me what's wrong with Arno?"

"In what way?" Kirkland asked in surprise.

"He acts as if I'd just shot his grandmother. He was as rude as possible and he looked at me as though he hated me for something or other."

"I think you must have imagined this, Paul. Arno gets moody spells at times and he's probably in one at the moment. I have absolute confidence in him as far as our mutual affairs are concerned but I don't have any idea what his life is like on the outside. He's not married but heaven knows what entanglements he may have. He's probably just bothered about something of the sort."

"I have a feeling," Paul went on, "that his attitude is somehow due to my own marriage."

"Why, how on earth could that affect him?" Kirkland's tone was almost amused.

"He may feel that I was a little presumptuous in aspiring to Anne. Of course I feel so myself."

"Nonsense!" Kirkland still sounded amused. "Don't get ideas about Arno. I know him like a book. I'll speak to him now, though, about his manners!"

"Please don't. I beg of you don't tell him about this. Just let things ride. I may have been oversensitive. It will all straighten out."

"Oh, all right," Kirkland agreed. "Probably the best way. Arno's a good fellow. I don't know what I'd do without him. Now I want to talk about Brennen."

They were soon deep in plans. Brennen was County Chairman and Paul would be working closely with him. They had lunched together several times and now Brennen would go along to the first meeting where Paul was to speak.

"I don't want to be under-handed about this, Paul. It's all for your own good later on so I'll tell you. I've asked him to be at this Citizens for Halsey dinner out at Rothbridge Friday night. I've asked him to listen to everything you say and watch everything you do, and then report to me."

"Good way to put me at my ease," Paul grinned.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of your getting stage fright. It's just that Brennen is an old hand at this game. He'll know what corners ought to be smoothed off you, if any. He'll know whether you need a little

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NEW TRANSFER AND PATTERN

Iron-on transfer No. 1001F, at right, consists of colorful designs for decorating children's clothes, aprons, and handkerchiefs. The motifs are simply ironed on with a warm iron. Price of transfer is 2/6.

Pattern for child's "longuns," illustrated at left, has bib front and button-up sides. It comes in sizes to fit 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6-year-olds, and costs 2/6. Transfer and pattern complete cost 4/6. Order your pattern from our Needlework Department. For address see page 55.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 22, 1956

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The nicest thing you
can say about a Shirt
"It's FAULTLESS"

Faultless
SHIRTS

for Business
or Leisure

TAILORED FROM WONDER



FABRICS

All over the world, Lantigen 'B' is smashing even the most severe and chronic cases of

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infection and Recurrent Colds

Catarrhal poisons sap your vitality and infect your tissues...



Modern scientific Oral Vaccine launches 3-way attack on germs causing CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

- 1 Treats infection.
- 2 Neutralises germ effects.
- 3 Helps promote long-lasting immunity.

Are these your symptoms?

SPLITTING HEADACHES... RUNNING NOSE and PERPETUAL SNEEZING... CHOKED NASAL PASSAGES... SPEECH blurred by CHOKING and WHEEZING... MOUTH BREATHING... COUGHING AND SWALLOWING of unpleasant nasal discharges... CATARRHAL INDIGESTION and DYSPESIA... CHEST CONGESTION... EXHAUSTING BOUTS OF COUGHING... GENERAL DEBILITY... LACK OF WILL POWER... LOSS OF ENERGY... LOSS OF SELF-CONFIDENCE... DULL EYES... MISERABLE EXPRESSION... WEAK PERSONALITY... BAD BREATH... UNPLEASANT TASTE.

—if so, Lantigen brings you new hope!

HOW LANTIGEN 'B' WORKS THE WORLD OVER TO RELIEVE SUFFERING!

Modern scientific vaccine treatments protect against world's most deadly diseases

THE sensational discoveries of Louis Pasteur laid the foundations for the modern science of vaccination and serum injection that has saved thousands of lives throughout the world.

Tetanus, typhoid, smallpox, cholera, diphtheria—all have been conquered, and the Salk vaccine bids fair to control even the dreaded "polio."

Against the infections of CATARRH and BRONCHITIS, Lantigen 'B' is a true scientific vaccine treatment—but NO INJECTIONS ARE NEEDED!

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists, under medical supervision, who produce, in the Edinburgh Laboratory,

the "antigens" of the family of germs that cause Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum, Bronchial Asthma, Recurrent Colds and other infections of the upper respiratory tract. These "antigens," contained in Lantigen 'B,' stimulate the production by your own system of what are called "anti-bodies." The "anti-bodies" are the natural antibodies to germ infection—neutralising the germ poisons, destroying the germs and helping to promote immunity against further attack. This is the same basis as all forms of vaccine treatment.

Taken by mouth (orally), Lantigen 'B' works through the bloodstream.

There are two ways in which the laboratory-produced "antigens" can be introduced into the bloodstream. The first is by direct injection by a medical practitioner. The second is by the "oral" route—taken by mouth like ordinary medicine. This is the Lantigen method—one you can carry out yourself in comfort and convenience. When you take Lantigen 'B,' it is absorbed by the tissues of the nose, throat and small intestines. The "antigens" in Lantigen 'B' thus enter the bloodstream and lymphatic system, and at once stimulate the production of the



vitality necessary "anti-bodies." From the first dose this modern, scientific oral vaccine is at work to drive out catarrh, bronchitis and related germ infections, to help strengthen the body's resistance to further attack, and promote long-lasting immunity.

Lantigen succeeds in the most stubborn and chronic case because it is a true vaccine.

Ordinary medicines fail because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble. They may give you temporary relief, but only Lantigen 'B' attacks the actual infection, neutralises the germ poisons, and then promotes immunity. No matter what treatment you have tried before, no matter how long you have suffered or how serious and stubborn your case, treatment with Lantigen 'B' may well be the beginning of a new life for you—with health and vigour fully restored.

NO DRUGS CANNOT HARM THE HEART WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH OTHER TREATMENTS

Read these amazing reports from all over the world!

Original Letters on our files.

CANADA:

Canadian free from Bronchial Asthma

I have taken four bottles of Lantigen 'B' and feel like a different person. Last summer, when I started taking Lantigen 'B' I was so bad with bronchial asthma I often had to sit up at night. Now I am so much better I only take it a couple of times each week.

It is wonderful for me to be so free from these asthma attacks. G.M., Ontario.

MALAYA:

Nostrils clear—Colds kept away

The LANTIGEN 'B' is certainly doing very useful work for me by keeping my nostrils clear and also keeping the colds away. G.H. Port Swetten hum.

NEW ZEALAND:

New Zealand woman says wonderful relief from Catarrh and Colds

I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine.

AUSTRALIA:

Propped up on pillows—now fit and well

I was also very subject to colds but since I have taken LANTIGEN 'B' I have only had one cold, which was very slight and of short duration. W.E. North Auckland.

I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little yet, all night long. I coughed and coughed. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle.

In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up I just use ordinary pillows again.

I have no signs of catarrh or bronchitis, and I never have a headache. J.V.P., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

FIJI ISLAND:

Child in Fiji relieved from stuffy head congestion

You will be pleased to learn that the child is much better. Before, a few drops at bed-time she had bouts of violent sneezing and her head was always "stuffy" but now she seldom sneezes. M.C., Vancouver.

AUSTRALIA:

ENGLAND:

London man works through Winter for first time

I simply had to write and tell you what great relief I had (after suffering from bronchitis and catarrh for about four years) after having taken my first bottle of Lantigen 'B'. This is the first year I have been able to work right through the winter without having lost time. F.E., London.

ENGLAND:

Canadian child freed from Bronchitis for four years

At the time I started using it for my little girl she was about 3 years old, and suffered greatly from Bronchitis, the last attack she had lasting for 7 weeks. The Lantigen checked her distressing trouble immediately, and she has not been bothered since and she is now 7 years of age. I give her much better. Before, a few drops at bed-time if she shows any signs of sneezing and her head is cold and it always was always "stuffy" but now she seldom sneezes. M.C., Vancouver.

clearer. H.D., Vanua Levu.

ENGLAND:

Little girl saved from Catarrh and Bronchitis

Our young daughter (age 2 years, 3 months) was getting terrible bronchitis and very bad catarrh with every tooth and, as we were not getting satisfaction, we decided to try Lantigen 'B'. We gave our child the reduced doses and she has had no catarrh or bronchitis since. (Period of treatment, 14 weeks). She seems very fit and is gaining weight; where before she was underweight, owing to continuous bronchitis and catarrh. K.W., Staffordshire.

AUSTRALIA:

From childhood I was a constant sufferer of chest colds. My doctor advised me to take a course of Lantigen 'B' before commencement of winter, which I have carried out, and can honestly say I have been free of colds for over 12 years.

E. R. Bondi, N.S.W.

Paul was thoughtful all the way back to his own office. He dropped in to chat with Hartwell as he often did when the day was over, and they laughed together over some stories Hartwell had dug up for him.

As Paul rose to leave, Hartwell added, "We are not taking the case of which I spoke to you. I'm sorry to give it up but we haven't enough to go on."

"I see," said Paul briefly, a great relief flooding through him. At least there would be no public scandal, but he knew he must find out if he could about the real ownership of the firm of Betts & Bolton.

The facts came to him sooner than he expected. He had called Johnny Bovard upon his return but found him out of town. This week, though, they lunched together at The Dive, as Johnny called it. The latter, ebullient as ever, leaned across the table and beamed upon him.

"Well, well! And how's the married man? Boy, what a fun one you pulled! You could have knocked me over with a wet pinfeather. How's Anne? How's everything?"

"Fine, fine, fine, to all three questions. I'm as proud and happy as is the lot of mortal man to be. Can't you come out soon to see us? Anne's busy supervising some remodeling upstairs, but of course we live all over the place. What about dinner some evening? Anne can get a girl in and we can have a game of bridge later—okay?"

"Of course," Johnny said. "Wonderful."

They went on to talk of Paul's campaign work in which Johnny was deeply interested.

As they were leaving, Paul had a shock. He all but ran into Arno, entering with another man. Paul greeted him and Arno smiled his strange smile.

"Who's the fellow?" Johnny asked.

"He's Kirkland's right-hand man and I've a hunch he doesn't love me just now. Don't know why."

"I've seen him around, hang out here a lot, but I never knew who he was. That's why he's with Betts, then."

Paul picked up his cap. "Betts?"

"Yep. Betts and Bolton run one of Kirkland's subsidiaries under their names. Say, don't mention that. Trade secret, sort of. We do the same in a smaller way. Kirkland's got a lot more irons in the fire, though, than we have, not counting politics."

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To page 45

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"You mean in evading them?" Paul asked, a little sarcastically.

There is black and there is white. In between is a pretty decent, solid strip of grey. The older you get the more you realise that grey isn't such a bad color. And in politics you work with it or you don't work at all. But the trick is, always make it sound white to the voters. Well, you'll catch on. You've got brains and I think you've got the knack."

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Continuing

The Golden Journey

from page 43

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Today—take your first step to ease and comfort... ask your chemist for

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THE ORAL VACCINE taken just like ordinary medicine for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, RECURRENT COLDS

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

OVER 4,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

filling in a dump over on the
out side?

"Sure do. We bid on it."

"Too high?"

"Well, we didn't get it any-

way. There's usually some

shenanigan. You can't tell

about these city contracts."

"You know who got the con-

tract?"

"Oh, yes. Our friends there,

Bens and Bolton. We knew

when they were bidding we

hadn't a chance, but we didn't

take it too hard. We have a

lot of slag just now but we're

more interested in some road

contracts if we can wrangle

them without selling our souls.

Oh Paul, you know sometimes

I wish I was a nice clean dirt

dealer. I wasn't born for in-

tegrity. Well, here's where I've

come to leave you. Love to

Arno and tell her to ask me to

dinner."

It was all true then, Paul

thought, as he went back to

his office. Kirkland could call

him at City Hall as well

as in the state capitol. And

travelling through the back-

ground of events were certain

figures now shadowy, only half

perceived, but which Paul feared,

with a dreadful prescience,

would become to him, at least,

distinct and clear as time went

on.

He stayed alone in the office

after closing time that even-

ing, sitting at his desk, head in

hands. He still possessed the

overpowering desire to continue

what he had begun. The speech

at Borbridge had gone over

well. He couldn't help knowing

it even if Brennan had not

told him. He loved speaking.

It was meat and drink to him

to gather the audience up skill-

fully in his hands and hold

them there while he worked

his will upon them.

Over and above this was his

steady ambition to become an

integral part of the great

political scene. Like a recurring

image, which his will tried

to dispel, was the thought of

the governor's chair, beyond

the Senate, and even the pin-

naclle of the White House.

Absurd to have those fleet-

ing thoughts—or was it? Every

ambitious man must dream,

must aspire, must see an ulti-

mate goal even if it was for-

ever unobtainable. There was

in Paul also a strange inherited

quality of being without vanity

conscious of his own potential.

Added to all this upon the

one side was his consuming

love for Anne and the horror

of bringing pain upon her.

On the other side were his

growing suspicions of Kirk-

land's power and connections

and the nagging voice within

him that told him he should

bring these into the open to

be confirmed or denied.

In the end, however, hot and

weary, he decided to go on as

he was doing for the present.

How many weak postponements

had been made under that com-

Continuing

The Golden Journey

from page 41

forting guise, he thought, as he drove out home. And yet he was in honest doubt as to whether his course of action was motivated by cowardice or by sanity and wisdom. Then at the end of the drive were Anne's waiting arms, her lips, her shining eyes—and the world without, well lost.

It was a hot summer. The mercury mounted and the city seethed and sweltered while the skies remained brassy bright and no rains came. Paul worried over Anne, who refused to leave for the house in the mountains except during the short weekends when he could go, too.

"I'm perfectly all right," she insisted. "I like warm weather. The house is really quite comfortable and the garden is lovely. Mother always stayed on here except when Jimmy could leave too. I'm going to be just like her so you'll have to put up with my company. It's Jimmy who ought to get away. I don't know what's wrong with him. He's nervous as a witch. Have you noticed?"

"He's working too hard, though heaven knows why. He ought to slow up now and take things easier. Of course most of it now is pulling the strings for Halsey."

"I sent him over to Gran's tonight. She always does him good, calms him down. Besides I think we should dine alone sometimes."

They were eating on the back terrace, the candlelight falling on Anne's bare shoulders above a sea-green gown. There was the soft, cool sound of falling water in the fountain and scented drifts of white flowers in the garden beds.

"I'll tell you something," Anne was going on, "if you're sure it won't turn your head. Jimmy says you are the most marvellous speaker he's heard in years. He says you have the gift of swaying people, and Brennan says so too. He was telling me all this last night when you were out. He says Brennan told him one old chap came up after a meeting last week and said, 'Why don't you run this young feller for something? He can have my vote right now.'"

She paused a moment and leaned towards him across the table. "Jimmy says—I quote—'I'm going to swing him round over the State the last three weeks before election to all the doubtful spots.' Then he added, and I quote again—I think next year he'll be a walkover for the Senate from our district and some day I'm going to put him in the governor's chair! Unquote. And you'll have to forgive Jimmy for running things. That's his nature. Well, what do you think of all that, my fair young sir?"

"I'm a little stunned and of course it's quite exaggerated."

"Jimmy never exaggerates."

"Oh, why should I try to dissimble to you? I'm tickled to death! I'm simply so pleased I don't know what to say!"

"I'll tell you something more," Anne said with sweet gravity. "When Jimmy spoke about your being governor eventually it was just as though a dagger had gone through my heart. Then last night as I lay awake I began to plan. I thought of all the things I could do even as I am. I could certainly sit in receiving lines. I could still entertain. I could even dramatise myself a little! Oh, Paul, I honestly believe I could get away with it! I could do my part! If the wild dreams ever come true."

He picked up his chair and plate and moved over to sit close beside her. Then he held her to him as he kissed her. When she could speak she whispered, "What will Hackett think when he comes out? You'd better move back to your place."

"Hackett likes me. Ever since the day I nearly pushed him over. Why," he laughed, "I do believe you've never heard about that! We were too busy then discussing other things."

So he told her of his desperation to get to her on that most fateful evening and of Hackett's delight in being manhandled. They counted over the happy weeks since their marriage; they talked with young guarded pride about what the future might possibly hold for them; then when the meal had ended he carried her to the big terrace chair which held two, and there they lay side by side, close and silent for the most part, as lovers love best.

A FEW days later Paul received a letter at the office signed by Benjamin J. Barker himself. It asked if he would be kind enough to call one day soon to discuss a matter of business. Miss Kern, his secretary, the note went on, would be glad to arrange an appointment mutually agreeable.

Paul was astounded. What could the head of the great Bank want to see him for? Then he whistled softly. They had backed the other man for the nomination and lost. They probably did not even now want Halsey to win. Could Barker be considering anything so crass as to attempt to "buy him off"? Hardly, but he decided to make the appointment.

When he entered the great private office a day later he had a feeling of awe. Here, so to speak, was the centre of financial ganglia, the pulsing and compelling nerves of which reached around the world.

Mr. Barker was a small man with a cropped grey moustache, unimportant-looking except for his eyes. These were grey and keen as steel.

"Mr. Devereux, this is good of you to come. I'm very happy to see you."

"I'm glad to meet you, sir."

Paul sat down and waited. The older man, to Paul's liking went straight to the point.

"As you doubtless know, the interests of the Barker Bank are very far-reaching. Not only do we have branch institutions in most countries from China to South Africa, but we have connections with several railroads, large insurance companies, etc. This means that the legal aspect of our business is highly involved and very important. From time to

time as a young lawyer of exceptional promise comes to my notice, I seek to attach him to our staff. It was for this reason that I sent for you."

Paul swallowed self-consciously. This was what he had not expected.

"I have known Mr. Hartwell for many years. I consider him one of the most brilliant legal minds in the profession. I know the training you will have had under him. It is unkind of me to attempt to take you from him, but—he made a small deprecatory gesture—"all is fair rivalry in business. Would you be interested, Mr. Devereux, in coming into our organisation at a starting salary of fifteen thousand? There would, of course, be steady increase in proportion to your ability."

Paul's head swam. Fifteen thousand for a start? He was making right at the present. There was a snag here, somewhere. Something that didn't meet the eye. Without time, almost without thinking, he heard himself decline.

"I feel you have honored me, Mr. Barker, perhaps much more than I deserve, with the very fine offer, but the firm has been very good to me and I'm deeply interested in my work there. I'm especially fond of Mr. Hartwell, so I think I would prefer to stay where I am."

Mr. Barker's eyes sharpened. "Would you not be willing to give this some consideration? There would be, I should say, almost no limit to the possibilities here. Why not think it over a little before deciding?"

"That will not be necessary, Mr. Barker. I greatly appreciate your offer, but I would not care to leave my present work."

He was surprised by the firmness of his own voice. The goodbyes were pleasant but brief and Paul was soon on the street again. Once there the picture was clear to him. The offer had been on the surface, a perfectly normal one, though the salary was high. Mr. Barker doubtless was from time to time on the lookout for new young lawyers. But underneath Paul felt the subterfuge. Barker was indeed trying to buy him off, though the iron hand was sheathed in pure velvet.

Nothing as yet had made Paul so clearly realise his own latent power as this. Barker was afraid of him. He wanted him on his side not only now but in the future. For by the curious "grapevine" which obtains in the political world, he had doubtless heard that Paul was marked for the senatorship. He was not so much trying to wean him away from Hartwell then as from Kirkland. The Barker lobby was powerful both in the State capital and in Washington, and Kirkland always opposed it!

Well, Paul thought as he walked on, I'm at least getting myself noticed. He would have been less than human if he had not felt elated.

One thing disturbed Paul more and more as the weeks passed: Arno's attitude. It did not, according to Kirkland's prophecy, improve. If anything it was more unfriendly now than at first. The sneering smile was never absent when Paul spoke to him. Anything like the former collaboration had ceased to be.

On a hot afternoon when the weather was sultry and tempers ran short, Paul made a decision. He left his own office a little early to get some information he wanted from Kirkland's files. He knew the Chief was not there, since he had left the night before for the capital, so this would give

opportunity for a showdown with Arno.

Paul went in as always, his manner casual and friendly. "Hello, Arno."

"How'd you do, Mr. Devereux," the sneer rampant.

"I would like to have the list of the country committeemen. I think I can use it to some advantage just now. Could you give it to me?"

"I don't believe I could lay my hands on it at the moment," he drawled.

"You're a liar," Paul said hotly. "Mr. Kirkland said you had it filed and would give it to me."

Arno only stared at him offensively. "My memory just fails me sometimes."

"Come into the other office," Paul said shortly, conscious of Sayles' intent glances.

To his surprise Arno followed him and they stood facing each other.

"We've got to have an understanding once and for all, Arno. We can't go on like this."

"Like what?" He smiled.

"You know as well as I do. For two months you've acted as if you despise me."

"Maybe I do. I don't like a fortune-hunting rat."

Paul lunged towards him and landed a blow on his face. "Nobody will call me that!" he shouted.

Arno came back with the spring of a cat. He had not grown up on Water Street for nothing. They were fairly well matched. Paul taller and with some college boxing experience, but Arno quicker and more accurate in his aim. When

they had been hitting at each other hard for five minutes, with Sayles' shocked white face peering from the door, Paul suddenly barked away and held up his hand.

"This is dreadful," he said.

"We're acting like ten-year-old boys. Can't we get to the bottom of this without blows? I'm certainly no fortune hunter. I married my wife for the same reason most men do."

"Oh, yeah?" said Arno half under his breath. He turned sharply and walked to the window, where he stood breathing heavily, looking out. Paul waited, startled at his quiet.

Arno's shoulders drooped and something in the posture made him insignificant and pathetic. He faced about at last, touching a swelling eye, went into his office and returned with some typed sheets which he laid on Kirkland's desk.

"There's your list," he muttered.

"I'm truly sorry, Arno, that I started the fight."

"No need to mention this episode to the Chief."

"Certainly not. And I really want to be friends with you. I'll be needing your help. I'd like for us to be able to work together as we did at first."

Arno did not reply. He raised one hand in an odd gesture which might mean anything, returned to his own office, and closed the door.

Paul stood a moment, then went to the washroom to bathe a bad cut on his chin. He did not, fortunately, show other

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and so easy to manage . . .



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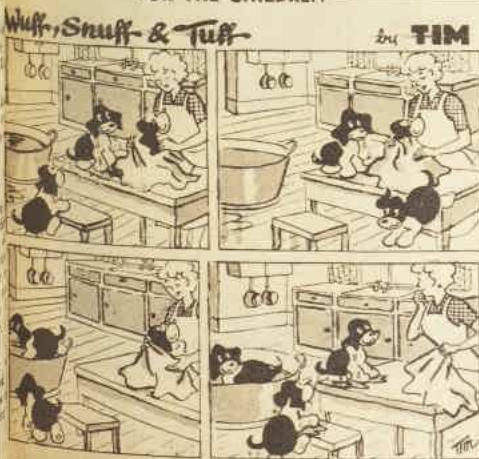
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THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESSING



FOR THE CHILDREN



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 22, 1956

Especially designed for the Australian home...

A *Vantona* BEDCOVER

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For the most 'restful' room in your home, choose a Vantona bedcover! With its glowing colours and rich tapestry-textured weave, a Vantona brings new life—an added warmth and beauty to your bedroom.

This magnificent Consort design—woven right

into the fabric—will blend with any bedroom suite or setting. It drapes beautifully, is unafraid of the strong Australian sunlight, and like all Vantona bedcovers it will wash again and again. Why not treat your own room to the luxury of a Vantona bedcover today?



'PERGOLA': One of the attractive Vantona Consort range. Predominating colours: lagoon blue, lime green, coral pink, or mushroom.

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outward signs of the scrimmage but he left for home shaken. Much worse than all this, however, was the fact that he felt humiliated, ashamed, and completely uncertain whether or not he was now better or worse between him and Arno. The picture of the fellow standing there, looking out of the window, all his jauntiness and assurance gone for the moment, made Paul's own anger drain away.

As he neared the house he told himself with honesty that perhaps this sudden knowledge of his own weakness was good for him. He had been the object lately of general and rather extreme praise. Mr. Barker's offer coming on top of all the other commendation. He had felt he was maintaining his poise and perspective through it all, so now it came as a shock to him that he could suddenly lower himself to the point of lashing out with his fists and blackening a man's eyes! How mortal weak the human spirit! How vulnerable the armor of the soul!

He had meant to tell Anne nothing, but she knew at once that something was wrong.

"Darling, whatever is the matter? Why, you look as though you'd been in a fight!"

"I was," Paul admitted ruefully. "I mixed it a little with Arno, of all people."

"Arno!" Anne's voice was amazed.

"Yes, I don't know what the devil's gotten into him lately. He's been the rudest possible to me and today he called me a fortune-hunting rat and I let go at him. We had it for a few minutes there in your father's office. I stopped, first—that's the only decent thing I did—but I don't know where we stand now. And I can't figure him out. He's just been like that since our marriage."

Anne looked as though a light had broken upon her.

"I think I know," she said. "It's jealousy. You see, for all these years he's been closer to Jimmy than any other man. He's been his confidant and I imagine he's been pretty proud of it. Now, when you suddenly and without warning become the Chief's son-in-law, poor Arno's nose is horribly put out of joint. Don't you see? He would sort of hate you."

"That might just be the explanation," Paul said with relief. "I do see the point of it and it's perfectly logical. Poor Arno! Since I understand it now I can put up with it. More than that, I'll try to keep away from the office as much as possible. I can always discuss things with your father here. And I'll find ways to bolster up Arno's ego as much as possible. You're wonderful, Anne, to have thought of this! What would I do without you?"

"Your poor chin," she said touching it. Then she laughed softly. "You know, I rather like the idea of my husband fighting for his honor!"

"Real he-man stuff, eh? Well, don't be too thrilled for I don't expect to make a practice of it!"

During October, Kirkland carried out his plan for Paul's "swing around the State." It was all much more important campaigning than he had been doing in the county, usually a speech at a party dinner in a large city. The success of these was marked from the first. In a hotel room at night or lying wakeful in a Pullman berth he thought of the men he had met, key men in State politics, important businessmen with large axes to grind.

He thought of their friendliness, which was not merely the mechanical courtesy of the occasion. He knew—hated himself for knowing and yet still knew—that he possessed

Continuing . . .

The Golden Journey

from page 45

a certain magnetism, that most elusive personal quality of charm, which was invaluable in the sort of work he was doing. He tried to hold himself rigidly in hand, but a certain swelling feeling of exultation kept rising within him.

During the month he had scarcely an evening at home. When he wasn't off at his overnight engagements, he was working not only on his speeches, but even more at the desk in his office, making up for his absence in daytime. Anne was patient in the main, though once in a while as they sat at a hurried breakfast she looked very sober.

"Do bear with me for a little," Paul begged one morning, looking anxiously for the smile that did not come. "As soon as election's over, I'll be here all the time. I promise you!"

She put her hand over on his. "I hope so," she said. "But I know the pattern, darling."

During the last days Paul found himself in a whirlwind. He grew more eloquent, more persuasive in his speeches. He heard himself repeating extravagant promises for his candidate, picturing Halsey as a paragon of all virtues. It was done almost without his active volition. It was all a result of this tremendous excitement

Kirkland gave them a quick glance, announced that he was dead tired, and left them alone.

And it was only a short time later that Paul was aware of a change in Anne. Her smile became less animated and more tender, she sat for the most part, quiet, listening contentedly while he or her father talked, her face touched with a soft glow from within. It seemed, indeed, as though sitting close to them she was yet living far away in a different world of mystery and light.

Two weeks before Christmas she told Paul she was going to have a child.

It was a deliciously happy Christmas. They all, including Gran, confessed that they could not remember such a joyous time. Paul and Hackett put up the greens under Anne's direction: holly, ivy, and pine everywhere, with the big tree in the music-room, touching the ceiling, ultimately laden with color and lights, and poinsettias and red roses aflame in the big hall and the library.

It was Paul who thought of the "sing."

"Do you know," he said one night, "in the bottom drawer of the old secretary among Mother's papers are a lot of

FOR TEENAGE WRITERS

TEENAGERS are invited to submit short stories for publication.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written by the author and endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's original, unaided work and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Brief comment will be given on any stories that merit it. Otherwise, criticism cannot be given. Stories are judged at full adult publication standard.

which caught him up in its vortex and which, with its relentless, fiery pressure animated him from without rather than from within.

This was politics; this was manipulation; this was the delirious power of which the uninitiated knew nothing. Paul, now in the midst of it, realised it was to him congenial air and was happily intoxicated by it.

On election day Halsey swept the State. As early as ten o'clock at night his victory was conceded. Paul and Kirkland had been together all day in the latter's office and at Party Headquarters. Arno joined them there in the evening and was, outwardly at least, normal and civil. Paul was conscious, however, of his gaze upon him as Kirkland proudly introduced him to the men he had not already met. There was a bonhomie between Paul and many of the State leaders which Arno was evidently observing with his sharp, black eyes, but there was elation enough in the room for everybody. Paul kept thinking.

It was very late when he and Kirkland got home, but Anne was waiting up with coffee and sandwiches ready.

"Well," she said as they were finishing, "now that the thing you two have been working on to the exclusion of all else is achieved, I intend to assert my claims as a daughter—"

she paused, looking archly at Paul—"and as a wife. And I don't mean maybe," she added inelegantly.

"You won't have to try very hard," Paul said, "on the wife part."

little carol books. She used them each year at the Grange social. Why couldn't we have some folks in . . .

It was all Anne needed. She began telephoning at once with the result that two nights before Christmas a dozen young people filled the wide hall with gay salutations and then very soon with Anne already seated casually at the piano, began to sing the familiar seasonal songs. Johnny Bovard had brought his fiddle by request and sawed away delightedly with more animation than technique. When they rested for breath there were doughnuts and mulled cider, but they were soon back on their feet crowding towards the piano.

"Here's one we haven't done yet."

"And what about . . ."

It was late when they finished "Holy Night," which Anne had decreed must come last. As the goodbyes were being said, a slender young fellow with dark, smoldering eyes came up to Paul, and held out his hand.

"Thank you," he said. "This has been a beautiful experience. As cold water to a thirsty soul; so is an evening when no one gets high and no ribald stories are told and no one hugs another man's wife!"

There was a flurry in the hall. Johnny Bovard had opened the front door and come back with a shout.

"What do you know! It's snowing to beat the band! The ground's covered already. Yeah, boy!"

There was a wild rush for the porch, someone started "White Christmas" and above the noise of the cars the strains

of it rode high upon the night as they all sang at the top of their voices down the drive and out along the street.

Old Hartwell had been invited for Christmas dinner. "We're so terribly short of family," Anne had told Paul. "What do you think of having Mr. Hartwell? He's such a darling and alone."

It turned out an unusually congenial dinner group. Mrs. Catherby and Hartwell quipped and quoted to their heart's content; Davy blossomed out from her usual professional reticence with a free and charming manner; Paul and Anne shed their own glow, and Kirkland, with a high florid color in his cheeks, talked a great deal, for him, and laughed recklessly even when there was no joke. There was no indication during the meal that Hartwell considered his host an unscrupulous man and that the latter knew it.

"You'll all have to forgive me," Anne said as dessert was over. "If I've gone traditional in a big way this year. But we've never had an actor in the family before—yes, you are, Paul, even though you aren't on the stage—so we're going to sit around the fire in the library with our coffee and have him read A Christmas Carol to us."

It was a truly happy day. When it was all over, the hour late, and Paul and Anne alone in the library, he put on a fresh log and stretched out on the hearth rug at her feet.

"Your reading this afternoon was simply marvellous, Paul! The characterisations were incredibly real. It almost frightened me."

"Why on earth?"

"Well," she said slowly, "you are a born actor. I believe you could actually make me think you loved me even if you didn't!"

Paul threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Now that's the greatest piece of casuistry I've ever heard! But what a compliment! I'm awfully glad you were pleased with my little performance. I enjoyed doing it. It's all been the most perfect day to me. Last year I had dinner at a restaurant and supper with Mrs. MacLeod. I'm not sure which time I was the most lonely."

"Poor lamb, how ghastly for you! I was lonely, too, in a different way. Paul, will you promise me something?"

"Anything, darling."

"You'll always tell me the truth?"

He sat up then, his eyes startled. "I hope you don't need to ask me that!"

"I mean there won't be any concealment—oh, I don't know how to express it—but you have such a gift for acting. I know I sound muddled but surely you understand."

"What I understand is that you're dead tired and must get to bed at once." He rose and picked her up in his arms.

"But you haven't promised, and when you're about it—"

her voice dropped very low—"maybe you could make it retroactive, if that's the right word."

"Now what on earth do you mean by that?" He was still faintly amused.

"I'm not sure. It's just that I'm so happy in our love that it scares me a little. Could you promise?"

He was serious enough then. "Yes," he said, "a thousand times yes, past, present, and future to every question, in your foolish little heart. Is it all right now?"

"It's heaven," she said, as she clung to him.

To be continued

WHY SWELTER?



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CANE-ITE COMES IN THREE FINISHES

(1) Natural suede-like finish, (2) Primed, ready for painting, (3) Pre-finished Ivory. All in time-saving, easy-to-handle sheet sizes: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet lengths, and in 3 and 4 feet widths; fits all wall and ceiling spaces with next-to-no carpentry.

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CS5-5

Special Home Feature

See also pages 50, 51

CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE

● Dr. and Mrs. P. D. Hipsley's three children, David, three, John, two, and baby Jane, who is eight months old, had the major — though voiceless — influence in the planning of their parents' new home at Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

A PERFECTLY level site — a disused tennis court — set about 12 feet above street level was selected because of the children. Dr. and Mrs. Hipsley then collaborated with well-known architect John P. Ley on the design.

The finished home is comfortable, easy to run, and has these special features designed for the needs of a young family:

- A games room, cork-tiled for comfort and hygiene, in constant view and within easy reach of the kitchen, sewing area, and dining bay. A collapsible screen acts as a divider.
- Small gate in the kitchen which keeps the children from running in and out while meals are being prepared. When not required this gate can be swung out of sight.
- Play terrace opening from the boys' bedroom on the upper floor, enclosed by 4ft. high chainwire. A fine mesh was used because normal-size mesh provides ideal footholds for small climbing feet.
- Gate at the head of the stairs to prevent the children from coming downstairs.
- Three removable bars across the top of the linen chute in the boys' room to prevent accident.
- Power points with plastic shields to keep inquisitive fingers from turning them on and off.
- Side fences with vertical V-jointed cypress boarding to stop the boys climbing.
- Plastic slip-on covers on all lounge chairs. These are zipped on and can be stripped from the cushions in a jiffy.
- Gates set between house and boundaries which keep the children from the front of the house.

The flat site selected permitted concrete-slab construction for the ground floor. This floor is formed of two concrete slabs with a waterproof membrane between. The top floor and unusual staircase are also of reinforced concrete.

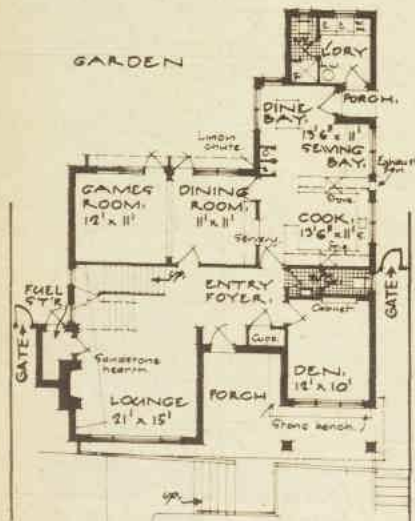
The lounge, dining-room, and foyer floors, as well as the games room, are covered with cork tiles laid directly on to the concrete. The staircase risers and treads are covered with similar cork tiles to give a cork-slab effect.

Mrs. Hipsley, who is an American, had the kitchen specially designed to her own requirements. A sewing bay complete with a built-in cabinet to hold materials, cottons, and all the requirements of a clever home dressmaker is included in the dining-kitchen area.

The main bathroom contains a shower recess, large built-in bath complete with special hair-washing attachment. A vanity table covered with blue laminated plastic surfacing sheets to match the wall tiling is also in the bathroom.

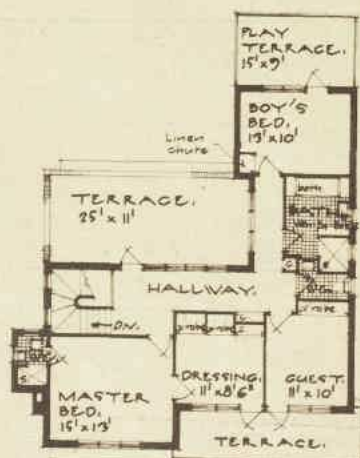
A private den off the entrance foyer provides Dr. Hipsley with a quiet atmosphere for work and study. — EVE GYE.

VIEW of Dr. and Mrs. P. D. Hipsley's new home from street level. Doors from the main dressing-room and guest-room, now the nursery, open on to the front terrace, which overlooks Sydney Harbor. The entrance gate, at right, matches the unusual doors of the double basement garage.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN of Dr. and Mrs. P. D. Hipsley's home in Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., designed by architect John P. Ley.

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TOP-FLOOR PLAN of the Hipsley home shows disposition of bedrooms, bath-rooms, and chain-mesh-enclosed terraces.



THE BOYS' BEDROOM, showing David's cot with his picture hanging above it. Each boy's bed is identified by his own photograph, and they never want to change over. Big windows open on to a play terrace.



JOHN (left), who will be two next week, and David Hipsley, who was three in December, behind the movable screen in their games room, which faces the kitchen, opens to the garden.



SERVERY HATCH AND KITCHEN seen from the games room. The area in the foreground will become the dining-room, which has spacious windows and opens on to the back laurus.



WELL-EQUIPPED cooking bay has soft blue walls highlighted with one painted beet-red. A chute, concealed in the wall, carries off cooking fumes and heat. Notice the small gate.



SPACIOUS LOUNGE showing part of the unusual staircase. The wide sandstone hearth (which continues past the fuel box) and the picture windows lend additional interest to the simple elegance of this room. Zipped-on clear plastic covers that are easily removed safeguard the hand-woven chair covers from grubby fingers.



MRS. HIPSEY WITH JOHN in the hallway at the top of the stairs. The safety door that keeps the children upstairs is closed. Mrs. Hipsley, a clever needlewoman, made all the curtains and covers for her home. She manages the housework and the children with practically no outside help. She is also a superb cook.



**HER TEETH MAKE HER
LOOK 10 YEARS OLDER!**

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Pt. 130 WWS29

A simple way to
make a simple dish
with a
delightful difference

KEEN'S SAUSAGES CREOLE

- 8 to 10 sausages
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 3 dessertspoons vinegar
- 1 level dessertspoon of brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon fruit chutney
- 1 dessertspoon of Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon KEEN'S MUSTARD
- 1½ cups water
- salt and pepper

Prick sausages with fork, brown in hot fat, take out, place in saucepan. Brown onion in the fat, add to sausages. Stir flour into remaining fat and brown well. Add all other ingredients, well mixed together. Stir until boiling, pour over sausages. Cover and simmer gently half-an-hour. Serves 4 or 5.

Original recipe prepared for Keen's by Home Economist, Janet Blair.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

makes all the difference



J24.1

Well-planned nursery

The open-type contemporary house-plan, unless carefully considered, may not be the answer for people with a young family.

CHILDREN under the age of eight have little respect for the dazzling finish of a new living-room. They must at some stage succumb to the invitation of a black crayon, and a large wall of duck-egg-blue is a wonderful medium for impromptu decorating.

Few parents accept this sort of thing in the true artistic spirit—especially as they know the cost of repainting walls.

The present trend in planning, which opens up lounge, dining-room, and kitchen with the main entrance through the living-room, enhances the effect of spaciousness but presupposes a degree of responsibility in the occupants.

It ignores the exploratory and experimental characteristics of the child.

The strength and durability of surface materials are under continual inspection by the destructive infant.

Standard wall materials, like fibrous plaster and cement render, have proved inadequate despite the development of matt wallpapers.

These materials are porous and therefore become a bit discolored over a period.

Smooth materials or impervious surfaces treated with full-gloss paints are easily cleaned, but they have little appeal in the living section of a home.

The solution seems to be to confine young children to a part of the house designed specially so that parents can supervise them easily. This also localises unavoidable wear and tear.

Where economy is a consideration, the nursery should be located so that it can be converted into a normal bedroom later on.

Grouping the kitchen, utility room, and nursery makes it possible for the mother to supervise the children without interrupting her cooking, washing, ironing, and mending.

Glass panels ensure a clear view of the nursery interior from both kitchen and utility room. These panels can be easily obscured when the children no longer need close supervision.

The effective area of a small nursery can be increased by placing a partly roofed terrace beside it as a wet-weather play area for older children.

A large opening panel between nursery and terrace prevents a feeling of confinement

By Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

and ensures sunlight and ventilation.

Plywood or wallboard dados finished with full-gloss enamels, linoleum wall tiles, or plastic sheetings are hygienic and easy to care for.

Plastic upholstery on the exposed lower parts of walls, particularly near the cot, is an effective and economical finish that any handyman might do himself.

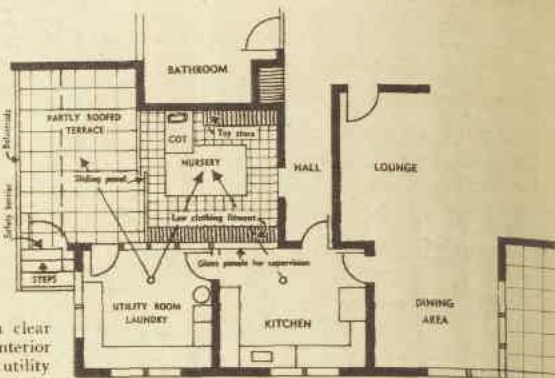
A 3ft. 8in. plywood backing is fixed to the wall and covered with several layers of carpet underfelt. Colored plastic upholstery material is stretched evenly over the underfelt and secured with upholstery tacks with heads in contrasting colors.

The tacks can be arranged in either a square or diamond pattern.

Ideal are wood floors covered with rubber, plastic, or linoleum, either in tiles or sheetings.

Polishes must be carefully considered for non-slip qualities.

Mats should be of rubber-



CHILDREN'S QUARTERS in this plan are placed to allow the mother's supervision from kitchen, utility room, or terrace. Glass panels, sliding doors give a view of nursery.

based material to prevent bad falls and should be kept down to sizes that can be easily cleaned and aired daily.

Planning a house for a young family requires detailed consideration of safety precautions at certain "danger points."

Steps and stairways should be fitted at the top with gates operating on self-closing hinges.

Fishponds and swimming-pools should not be included in landscaping unless they are completely isolated by barriers. A few inches of water can drown a toddler.

Special thought must be given to electrical appliances. Power points should be the three-pin type and placed out of a child's reach. No free-standing light fittings should be used in the nursery.

Radiators should be built-in on a high level or fitted with grilles to prevent in-

flammable objects being pushed against the element. Open fireplaces must be equipped with guards.

Toy storage in the nursery needs to be dual-purpose, so that it may ultimately be used by the adolescent.

A fitment with open shelving to encourage self-selection of toys is worth considering.

Cupboards are also necessary for locking up valuable and fragile playthings. Such fitments can be easily converted for school-age use, as the open shelving may be used for books and there is provision for a hobbies or homework desk.

Careful planning for children cuts down the likelihood of accidents, makes the mother's supervision easier, and results in a happier home for both children and parents.

Bill McMurray

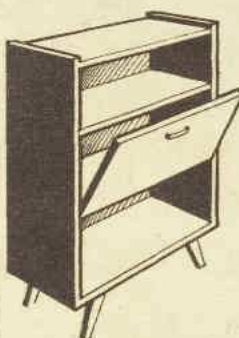
Housewife takes a job



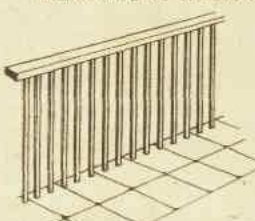
IT'S WORTH WATCHING THE WAY SHE HANDLES A WINDOW DEMONSTRATION

Mrs. J. Kennedy, of 9 The Strand, Penhurst, who is a housewife and a demonstrator for a big Sydney store, decided to fit in a job, as well as running a home, to help buy a new car. Interviewed at work, pretty Mrs. Kennedy says, "In my job my hands are always in the limelight and they must be well groomed. I do all my own laundry and, of course, there is the eternal washing up, but I use Persil. I think this is the most gentle washing powder of all for a woman's hands. Persil is a marvellous washer, too—I wouldn't use anything else."

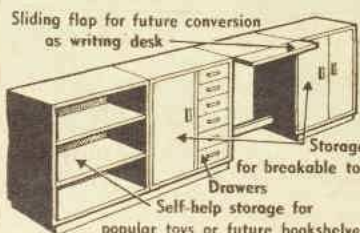
P. 125, WWS40



FITMENT with open shelving encourages self-selection of toys. Later it serves for books and as a desk where homework can be done.



BALUSTADING has no horizontal fontholds for young children. Vertical rods are close to prevent children putting heads through.



LEFT: Built-in fitment is planned for the future. Shelves and cupboards store toddlers' toys or teenagers' books and hobbies.



● Small children share a bedroom without question. It's company and great fun. But after the age of ten, personalities often clash. The satisfactory answer to this problem is a room of their own. A girl loves her own room; a boy's room is his castle.

FOR two boys or two girls a large room may be divided with a floor-to-ceiling storage unit, or with one of the special light and easy-to-handle commercial boards, which allow each occupant a certain amount of privacy.

For girls, the doorway could be curtained off in a soft voile or chintz and the softly falling drape caught back with a ribbon tie.

Most young people have tastes and good ideas of their own, so before making any change allow

your growing-up boys and girls to help plan the kind of room they like.

Any girl would be proud to own a pretty room like the one illustrated at right. It is not a big room, but it has french doors opening on to a verandah which is cool in summer and sunny in winter.

The room below belongs to a law student, the one at lower right to a college lad who at the end of the school term turns his back on dormitory life and comes home to a wonderful room of his own.



ANNETTE EILBECK, of Powell St., Killara, N.S.W., is the lucky owner of this room. The pretty chintz used for the bed-cover, the stool, and dressing-table flounce also makes the regency-draped pelmet above the softly frilled crossover voile curtains. Annette's room adjoins her brother's room, which is shown below. Both open on to a spacious verandah and the rear garden of their home.



ABOVE: Law student Rod Christie, of Gunnamatta Bdy, N.S.W., planned this room. As a schoolboy he designed the bed, including radio.



RIGHT: Michael Eilbeck, 14-year-old schoolboy, comes home to this pleasant room at the end of term. The covers are made of ticking.

It's the modern, practical way to live. Families enjoy out-of-season foods; spend less time cooking and save money, too.



HOW HOME FREEZING CAN IMPROVE YOUR WAY OF LIVING

by Dorothy Summers of Kelvinator Australia Limited — an authority on home freezing.

I OFTEN THINK how our grandparents would envy today's home-maker. It is not for us the wood-heated copper, the one-fire stove, the old iron carpet-beater that would take the pile, as well as the dust, out of the carpet—and the energy out of grandma.

In a flourish of inventiveness that has taken less than half a century, modern industry has showered down upon the housewife every modern aid our minds can conceive: washing machines, radios, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, food mixers, polishers . . . all make life easier for the housewife and life better for the family.

Yet, of all these practical contributions to better living, one to my mind stands out as revolutionary; and that is the latest — home freezing.

New miracle of modern living

There's nothing new, of course, in the fact that foods are kept fresh when frozen and stored at sub-zero temperatures, but until recently, frozen food was a commercial proposition only. Now, home-frozen food is possible. In America it is a familiar part of the household scene. And today, with the release of a new six cubic feet Home Freezer by Kelvinator Australia Limited — Australia's biggest manufacturer of refrigeration equipment — home freezing has become practicable in Australia. There's no doubt that it will be a great success here, too: as a method of preservation, the freezing of food has no equal. Foods that are frozen will keep for months, some for years, and nearly all foods can be frozen.

Makes life easier

"Day-by-day" shopping will become a memory. Cooking for every meal will be a chore you'll thankfully dispense with. If you are tied to the kitchen now, you're going to have more time for leisure in this new way of living. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest will no longer be a minor catastrophe. And you'll see less of the kitchen oven, for you'll prepare meals in advance and in quantity. Instead of baking one pie, you'll bake four or five at the same time — have one for dinner and store the remainder for future meals that can be prepared in a jiffy.

What else? Well, you'll have strawberries and all the other seasonal foods all year round. Low-cost food — greater variety — higher quality meals . . . are the advantages you will experience with a home freezer.

Does freezing impair quality?

Does freezing affect the nutritive values of food? These are chief questions put to me during the lecture-demonstration tour I have been giving recently for Kelvinator Australia Limited. The answer in each case is a definite "No". Frozen food tastes as delicious and fresh as on the day it was purchased. It is also an established fact that more vitamin and mineral content is retained in food by freezing than by any other method of preservation. The colour, freshness and flavour in frozen food measure up to fresh food in every way!

Freezing is simple

As for home freezing being fraught with "mys-

tery" and difficulties, I would like to cite the experience of a close friend: she told me that within a week she was as familiar with her home freezer as she is with her oven. Preparing food for freezing needs careful attention, but no special skill. Food must be wrapped. A few feet of polythene sheets, a half-dozen bags of the same material, some waxed cartons and plastic containers, rubber bands and freezer tape for sealing . . . and you're in "business". These simple materials are all available with your Kelvinator Home Freezer Unit.

Better meals at lower cost

Your most reliable guide on how to freeze food is the informative booklet that Kelvinator has published. This comes with the Kelvinator Home Freezer when purchased. It shows you what to freeze and how to

freeze. It gives you tips on buying so that you can make even greater savings. If you grow your own fruit or vegetables, if you're a sportsman and would like to be able to keep game or fish, if you entertain frequently and need a supply of party snacks and sandwiches, or — if you're like me — and are merely concerned with living well and keeping the food budget down to rock bottom . . . then this book shows how Kelvinator's Home Freezer will prove to be your most treasured possession.

I think that the wonder of home freezing is that it offers the chance to eat the food you like — when you like. Its convenience is something you have to experience and that applies also to the new adventures it opens in eating, the new leisure it offers in living.



New Kelvinator Home Freezer

In introducing this new home freezer, Kelvinator Australia Limited are adding to the reputation they have always had for building a better refrigerator. This six cubic feet model is based on the very latest American design, and it holds 210 lbs of food. This is a standard-size model that has proved ideal for average-size family use. Naturally, it is powered by the "Polaris" — Kelvinator's famous sealed unit.

If you'd like to know more about home freezing, send this coupon to Dorothy Summers, Kelvinator Australia Limited, G.P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide, South Aust.

Name _____
Address _____



APRICOT TRIFLES are delicious to eat and attractive to look at. Apricot halves or chopped jelly may be used to decorate the trifles. See the prizewinning recipe below.

Cash prize for recipe

This week's £5 prize is awarded for a delicious recipe for individual apricot trifles made with fresh or tinned apricots.

THE trifles are simple to make and ideal for family meals or for party occasions.

Prizes are awarded each week in our recipe contest. Send in your favorite recipe — it may win.

Type or write neatly on one side of the paper only, and address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Full name and address, including the State, should be given on each page.

All spoons measurements are level.

APRICOT TRIFLES

Half a packet strawberry jelly, 6 slices swiss roll about

1 in. thick, 1 cup apricot syrup, 1 pint cream, sugar, 6 coconut macaroons, 1 small tin apricot halves or freshly cooked apricots.

Dissolve the jelly in hot water according to directions on packet, leave until cold. Moisten cake slices with apricot syrup and spread thickly with whipped, sweetened cream, place in serving dish. When jelly is beginning to set, coat macaroons with it and place on cream. Cut apricot halves into 2 or 3 pieces and place round macaroons, making a flower effect. Chill before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Miss Meney, 600 Elizabeth St., Melbourne C.1.

Tony's luxury dish

SWEET POTATOES VENDOME

"I RECOMMEND this dish with veal or chicken," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club. "It has a most unusual and delicious flavor."

For eight persons you will need:

Six medium sweet potatoes, 1 cup almonds, 1 cup mashed bananas, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Peel and boil the potatoes, drain, return to heat, and let steam escape. Mash the potatoes with a fork or a potato-masher. Blanch and skin the almonds while the potatoes are cooking. To do this, cover them with water and bring to boil. Drain and rinse with cold water. Take off the skins, chop the almonds as fine as grains of rice. Blend all the ingredients to a smooth mixture, leave to cool for a few hours. Grease a baking-dish, fill with the mixture. Bake for 30 minutes or long enough to brown the top to a light golden color. Serve hot.

FAMILY DISH

BAKED stuffed fish is this week's family dish. It serves five or six, and the cost ranges from 6/- to 9/-, depending on the fish used.

BAKED STUFFED FISH

One flathead, bream, or snapper (approximately 1 lb.), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon chopped shallot, salt, pepper, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dozen oysters, 1 cup chopped tomato, butter.

Remove eyes from cleaned fish, trim fins and tails. Combine breadcrumbs, shallot, lemon rind, salt, pepper, parsley, and oysters. Bind with tomato pulp and oyster liquid. Fill into fish and sew up with coarse thread. Place on greased tray, dot with butter, pack remaining seasoning along top. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven until fish is tender, white, and flaky. 20 to 30 minutes. Remove thread, serve garnished with parsley and lemon.

CHOOSE

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Are you embarrassed and bothered by too frequent urination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as bladder irritation, backache, swollen ankles, loss of appetite, nervousness, dizziness, lameness, interrupted sleep, circles under the eyes and a generally run-down feeling, are usually caused by a strained kidney and bladder. The very first dose of Cyston, the most powerful kidney medicine, goes right to work relieving these troubles in 3 days. 1. Quickly kills acute burning, tenderness and stings the kidneys and bladder. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and encourages the kidneys and bladder. Get Cyston from your chemist to-day under the guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 641 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4660, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-2, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 466, G.P.O., Auckland.

F4033



F4034



BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3929. — Beginners' pattern for a striking new-style autumn skirt. Sizes 24½ to 30in. waist. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

F3929



F4033.—Graceful one-piece designed with a crossover bodice-top and flattering skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



F3938

F4034. — Chic front-buttoned one-piece, equally smart in silk, cotton, or wool. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, 1-3rd yard 36in. contrast, plus 1½yds. ½in. ribbon. Price 3/9.

F3938. — Seasonable jacket styled on straight-cut beltless lines, perfect for autumn's slender silhouette. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F4001. — Two-piece autumn-winter suit has a body-moulding jacket and flared skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F4035. — Slender-line one-piece daytime dress. A perfect design for soft wool. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F4001

F4035

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 179—CHILD'S PINAFORE

Smartly tailored pinafore obtainable cut out ready to make in wulchens. The color choice includes primrose, pale blue, reseed-green, twilight-blue. Sizes: lengths 20in. for 4 years 41.3, postage and registration 2/- extra; 22in. for 5 years 42.6, postage and registration 2/- extra; 24in. for 6 years 43.9, postage and registration 2/3 extra; 26in. for 7 years 45.2, postage and registration 2/3 extra; 28in. for 8 years 46.5, postage and registration 2/3 extra; 30in. for 9 years 47.8, postage and registration 2/3 extra; 32in. for 10 years 49.1, postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 180—THROW-OVER

Pretty throw-over obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is organdie; the color choice includes white, pink, blue, lemon, and green. Sizes 36in. x 36in. Price 15.2. Postage and registration 1/- extra. (The lace edging is not supplied.)

No. 181—DUCHESS SET

Three-piece set obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a flower-and-leaf motif. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 9.1. Postage 9d. extra.

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Easy-to-laundry, front-buttoned, one-piece dress obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes mint and white, maize and white, green and white, blue and white, red and white, and black and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 2.6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. 36 and 38in. bust 2.6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.



179



182



180



181



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PERSIMMON, intense orange-scarlet with faintly white-tipped petals forming semi-double blooms. These pictures were taken at Melbourne Botanical Gardens.



NEW STAR, a variety of Regal pelargoniums, is delicately tinted, with lavender-shaded centre, two upper petals of mid-rose, and lighter-toned lower petals.

Old-fashioned favorites

● Pelargoniums and geraniums, those old-fashioned favorites, are making a comeback in popularity and are now being featured and sold at many nurseries throughout Australia.

HOME gardeners who are fortunate enough to have a selection of pelargoniums and geraniums in their gardens are overwhelmed by their friends with requests for cuttings.

The geranium family, of which pelargoniums are members, has many classes that usually are divided into four main groups.

These are:

- Show pelargoniums (*Pelargonium domesticum*), also known as Lady Washington or pansy-flowered geraniums.
- Glass-house geraniums (*P. hortorum*), also known as bedding, horseshoe, fish, and zonale geraniums.
- Ivy-leaved geraniums (*P. peltatum*).
- Scented-leaved geraniums.

The term pelargonium, although applicable to the whole family, is used in this article to describe the pansy-flowered type.

These pelargoniums grow well outdoors in areas where there is a mild climate, but in cooler districts they need the protection of a glasshouse.

Geraniums are hardy and grow well outdoors in most Australian conditions. They thrive in well-drained, dry situations and do not need rich soil. They are usually grown among annuals or to brighten walls and fences.

Ivy-leaved geraniums trail or climb and are popular for window-boxes and for covering low buildings and fences. They are most decorative when grown in large pots standing on walls.

GARDENING

Scented-leaved geraniums are not as widely known as the other varieties. This group is varied in leaf size and structure as well as in flowers and fragrance. The flowers are



SPRINGTIME has carmine flowers with a white eye on each bloom in the cluster.

not large or showy and the plant is grown mainly for its scented foliage, which, in some varieties, is also attractive in appearance.

More than 50 varieties can be bought in a wide range of scents, of which a few are rose, lemon, mint, peppermint, and camphor.

Pelargoniums of the pansy-flowered type should be pinched back hard to increase their production of flowers. If

this is done when the plants are young, and they are thus encouraged to become short and stubby instead of tall and lank, they will provide a mass of color when grown in pots.

All pelargoniums and geraniums can be propagated very easily. A piece about 4 in. to 6 in. long is cut from the top of a leggy plant (and all but the top two or three small leaves removed).

The cuttings are then left for an hour or two in a cool, dry place out of reach of the sun to dry the cuts. If planted while the sap is running, they will probably rot when potted.

They should not be left too long to become flabby and soft, or they may not survive. Place each cutting upright in moist sandy loam, so that the side of the cutting is in direct contact with the moist inside of the pot. They will strike more readily than if planted in the middle of the pot.

If the cuttings are covered over with a glass bell or cloche, or a big glass jam-jar, they will root quickly and be ready for individual potting in good quality sandy loam within a few weeks.

Pelargoniums respond well to regular pruning, and although they do not flower throughout the year, like the geraniums, will continue to bloom much longer if their natural tendency to become tall and lank is curbed.

After about two years the plants become straggly and cuttings should be taken to replace them gradually. Take the cuttings during late summer or early autumn.



ABOVE: A mutation of Her Majesty.

LEFT: Emperor of Russia.

RIGHT: Veronica.

Pictures by staff photographer Gary Linney.



For more information on geraniums and pelargoniums, see the book 'Geraniums and Pelargoniums' by Gary Linney, published by the Royal Horticultural Society.

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Your finest woollens, filmiest nylons, all your precious things wash perfectly, safely, in a Malleys. It's so easy, so sure—all you do is turn the dials to the correct setting... then press the button and let the Malleys take over. A Malleys really takes the work and worry out of washing, whether it's delicate clothes or your ordinary weekly wash!

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WONDERFUL NEW FLAVOUR COMBINATION
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Apple Pie and Cheese



"Juicy apples . . . mild, mellow Kraft Cheddar — they blend deliciously to make this Apple Pie with a difference" — says Elizabeth Cooke, famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

Tonight — follow the Kraft Kitchen's simple recipe and you'll be the proud creator of this delectable "Lattice Cheese Apple Pie" — tangy apples and delicious Kraft Cheddar, topped with a lattice of feathery-light crust.

Pastry: 8 oz. shortcrust, or 8 oz. plain flour; 4 oz. butter or shortening; pinch of salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Filling: 1 dessertspoon plain flour; 1 dessertspoon sugar; 3 cups cooked or tinned, sliced apples; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thin cream or top milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar, diced.

Method: Line a 9" pie plate with the pastry and sprinkle bottom with the 1 dessertspoon flour and 1

dessertspoon sugar mixed together. Toss together the sliced apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, nutmeg and diced Kraft Cheddar; place in the pastry-lined plate. Pour cream or top milk over the filling. Cover with a lattice pastry top, and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 30 minutes, or until well done and lightly browned. 8 servings.

Kraft Cheddar adds extra food value and enticing flavour to all the family meals. That's because Kraft Cheddar is richer in strengthening protein than sirloin beef, and gives you important minerals, calcium and phosphates, plus Vitamins A, B₂ and D! Kraft Cheddar is such an economical way to give your family satisfying nourishment — from sandwiches to savouries — from salads to desserts and soups . . . every dish on every menu.



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Bake it at home . . . or take it home



Another delightful way to prepare your Apple Pie is to shred Kraft Cheddar and mix it in with the pastry.



Or, if you buy an Apple Pie, you can lift its flavour by topping the crust with Kraft Cheddar slices when serving.



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KFC68

STEAK DINNERS

• The thrifty dinner dishes on this page are just as appetising and delicious as more expensive dishes. Their secret lies in the way they are prepared.

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

COOKING cheaper cuts of meat is a gentle art because they respond best to long and slow cooking.

But it is possible to crumb and fry, or grill these cuts successfully if they are first treated with meat tenderiser.

Combine round, blade, chuck, or skirt steak with the flavors of tomatoes, onions, mushrooms, garlic, and fresh vegetables, season them with restraint, cook them carefully and you'll find no finer dishes.

All spoon measurements are level.

STEAK AND ONION PIE

One and a half lb. round or chuck steak, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt, pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice, 2 tablespoons fat, 10 or 12 small white onions (left whole), 2 cups hot water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cubed peeled potato, shortcrust pastry.

Cut meat into cubes, coat well with flour mixed with salt, pepper, paprika, ginger, and allspice. Brown in hot fat, remove, add onions, and brown lightly. Add water, cover

STEAK and ONION PIE

(above), a hearty and appetising family dinner dish, is easy to make. The pastry squares are made in advance and stored in an airtight tin, then reheated with the steak filling before serving.



PAN-FRIED STEAK (above), protected from the fat by a crusty egg-and-breadcrumb covering, is delicious. Inexpensive round steak, treated with meat tenderiser, may be used. Veal steak cooked in the same way is called Wiener Schnitzel.



STEAK STROGANOFF (above), a dish that is particularly pleasing to the sophisticated palate, depends on long, slow cooking for its tenderness. Fluffy rice or well-cooked spaghetti is the ideal accompaniment. For the gourmet, add Parmesan cheese.



SWISS STEAK DINNER (left), richly flavored with onions and tomato juice, is a meal in one dish, as it includes potatoes and french beans. Long, slow cooking develops a richer flavor and helps to make the meat tender.

and simmer gently until meat is tender, or pressure cook. Add potatoes, simmer 15 minutes longer. Turn into ovenware dish. Top with pastry squares, place in moderate oven until pastry is reheated.

Pastry Squares: Roll pastry thinly on lightly floured board. Cut into squares with a pastry-cutter or floured knife. Place on oven-tray, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven approximately 10 minutes. Use immediately, or, when cold, store in airtight tin until required.

PAN-FRIED STEAK

One and a half to 2lb. round steak cut $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, meat tenderiser, flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, browned breadcrumbs, fat.

Pound steak well with steak mallet or rolling-pin. Cut into service-

sized pieces, sprinkle both sides with meat tenderiser, allow to stand 5 minutes. Dip in flour, then in beaten egg mixed with milk. Toss in breadcrumbs. Allow to stand 10 minutes, then dip again in egg-glazing and toss again in crumbs. Press crumbs on firmly with knife blade. Brown on both sides in hot fat, reduce heat and continue cooking 6 to 8 minutes on each side. Drain on kitchen paper, serve hot.

STEAK STROGANOFF

One and a half to 2lb. round steak cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ in. cubes, flour, 3 dessertspoons fat, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, 1 clove of garlic, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup concentrated mushroom soup, 1 cup evaporated milk (soured with lemon juice, or use sour cream), 1 cup concentrated tomato soup or tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Tabasco sauce, salt and pepper to taste, cooked rice.

Dip meat in flour, brown well in hot fat. Add onion and crushed

(Continued on page 58)

Susanne climbed to his kay he was whittling.

Seldom a smile for her. Seldom a soft word or caress, as in the old days. Nothing mattered, it seemed, except the blocks of mahogany and the thin-bladed knife in his aching fingers.

Not even when he took his carvings to the city and delivered them to Pere Roland and collected the money paid for them by tourists at the hotels and in the marketplace—not even then was he happy. Something troubled him. Something Susanne did not understand.

Thunder rolled on the mountain like an avalanche, and at the door Susanne paused, trembling. She did not fear the darkness. Many a time she had walked all night on the mountain paths on her way to the city with a basket of vegetables on her head, singing and joking with the other girls. But thunder and lightning were different.

She would not look at her

Continuing

father lest he see the fear in her eyes. Her hand trembled on the door fastening.

"Wait."

"I have to go —"

"If you must go to him, I can't stop you," her father said grimly. "But take this." He pressed a conch shell in her hand, the shell with which the mountain men called to their distant neighbors.

"When you get there, sound it so we will know you are safe," he said. "If I hear nothing in half an hour I shall come after you."

She nodded, touched his work-roughened hand, and fled.

The storm was stronger. The rain, still a roaring cascade, had all but obliterated the path to Andre's little clearing. Such rain might obliterate the clearing itself, and Andre's house with it, and Andre would not escape because he could not walk.

The Little Saint

from page 3

He had slipped and fallen at La Citadelle a week ago, while creeping about its dizzy walls in his everlasting search for — well, for whatever he sought up there in that ancient, gloomy fortress. His leg was twice its normal size, full of pain.

The day before yesterday, when she had seen him last, he had not been able to stand without sweating. He had been working, though. He had put something heavy in her hands — some new carving wrapped in banana leaves and tied with sisal — and begged her to take it to Pere Roland. And told her, strangely, not to look at it, as if he were afraid that she, too, might be angry with him if she did.

As if she could be angry with one so clever! What fools they were, all of them, not to realise that the carvings he made were beautiful! Two whole pounds — ten gourds — the tourists in the city would pay for something Andre could make from a plain block of wood in only a week!

She stopped, breathless. Her legs felt twice their normal size and a sharp pain touched her heart, warning her to rest.

SUSANNE was nearly there, but the path was a vertical wall of boulders, perilously slippery in the dark. As she climbed by the lightning flashes, the conch shell at her waist rang hollowly, like a muffled bell, against the rocks.

It happened without warning. Almost without cause. There was no tremendous clap of thunder to startle her, no overly bright lightning flash to blind her. A boulder shifted under her foot. She lost her balance. The steepness of the path did the rest.

Dazed, she struggled to her knees, after falling 40 feet down the black slope. Then all the world was lightning as the pain swept through her. She could not rise. She had to have help.

Her father. Her father would come. She groped for the conch shell, found it still unbroken, and put it to her lips. Blowing it took the last of her strength, but its clear, far-travelling note reached out through the stormy night.

Then, too late, she realised what she had done. Her father had said to sound the conch when she arrived safe at Andre's kay. Now he would think she had got there!

She tried again to rise. The pain was fire, consuming her. Alone on the mountainside she put her head on her arms and lay still. And time meant nothing.

"Susanne . . ."

She opened her eyes, lifted

from her suffering by the sound of his voice. It couldn't be! He could scarcely stand on his swollen ankle, let alone make his way down that frightful path in the height of the storm. But it was.

"I heard the conch," he muttered, "and knew it must be you. No one else would be coming to my house on such a night."

At her side, kneeling, he struggled to lift her in his arms. She did not lose consciousness again. She knew that somehow Andre raised her from the rocks and carried her. He limped. He stopped every few steps to rest and she could feel the agony throbbing inside him, making him tremble. But, sliding and slipping down the trail he somehow carried her without hurting her.

All the way. All the long way back to her father's house. She heard him shouting as he crossed the yard and heard her father's voice, hoarse with incredulity, and her mother's voice, shrill with concern. Then she was on her own mat with her mother fluttering over her and Andre had sagged on to a chair by the door.

Out of the confusion she heard her father talking. Not in a long while had she heard such warmth in his voice when he spoke to Andre.

"That was a brave thing," her father said. "My house is yours. I am sorry for some things I have said to you in the past."

"No need to be sorry," Andre said. "I am through carving wood."

"You get well paid for it." Andre shook his head. From the mat Susanne watched him and saw how tired he was and how young, really, to be so tired. His ankle must hurt him very much. Or perhaps he was discouraged.

He raised his head from his hands and looked at her father.

"There is something you don't know," he said. "When the American came with Pere Roland, a long time ago, he talked to me about the work I did. He said I could do better if I worked harder, and he said to Pere Roland: 'Keep an eye on this boy. When he does something good enough, send it to me in America.' He is an artist, this American. Very famous. Pere Roland explained to me and said: 'Keep trying.' So I kept trying."

Susanne looked at her father and saw him frowning, but he said nothing.

Only the wind answered Andre: the wind and the voice inside him that made him talk.

He suffered, she saw. There was pain in him worse than her own.

"You think it was good when Pere Roland sold my things to the tourists?" Andre said, gazing at the floor. "You think I was proud? I wept. Nothing was good enough, you

see, to send to the man in America.

"I worked every day, every hour. I studied the fortress on the mountain top until I knew every crack in every stone. But Pere Roland only said: 'Not yet.' Now — now I am finished. Anyone can see I am no good."

Susanne got off the mat. It hurt — something inside her flamed like a lightning flash, and she swayed and almost fell — but she went to him and knelt with her hands on his knees. And looked at his face.

"Andre," she said. She whispered it. "Pere Roland gave me a message for you!"

"A message?" In that room not even the storm made a sound.

"He said: 'Tell Andre that this one is good! This one I send to America!' He called it The Little Saint."

Andre's hand found hers. He was trembling. "Did you — did you look at it?" he asked at last.

"You told me not to."

He drew her to him. He held her.

"All this time I have studied the stones of the fortress," he said, wide-eyed, "and failed. This one — this last one — I did to please myself, and he says it is good! I don't understand, Susanne. I don't know what to think."

"Andre, what was it?"

"You," he said. "It was a carving of you, because I was lonely."

Susanne's father frowned at them. "And can you do others like it?" he demanded. "Can you carve me? And Susanne's mother? The people of the mountains, the plains, the marketplace?"

"Of course!"

Her father nodded. He had not lived sixty years without acquiring wisdom.

"It is time we talked about a wedding, I think," he said. "The waiting is over."

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KAC

STEAK DINNERS

(Continued from page 57)

garlic, brown lightly. Stir in all other ingredients, except rice. Stir until boiling, cover and simmer until meat is quite tender. Serve on a hot dish on a layer of fluffy rice. Make a border of rice and garnish with parsley.

SWISS STEAK DINNER

Two pounds round steak cut in one piece and thin, thick if possible, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon paprika, salt, pepper, 3 or 4 medium-size onions, fat, 1 bay leaf, small potato halves, 1 1/2 cups tomato juice or concentrated tomato soup, 1/2 lb. french beans.

Prick meat well on both sides with a fork, sprinkle both sides with meat tenderiser,

allow to stand five minutes. Meanwhile, brown thickly sliced onions in hot fat, remove. Sprinkle meat lightly with flour mixed with paprika, salt and pepper, and brown on both sides in hot fat. Remove, place in ovenware dish. Add tomato soup, bay leaf, and potato halves. Cover and bake in moderate oven two hours. About 20 minutes before serving-time add beans (ends and strings removed, left whole, and simmered 10 minutes in salted water) and place onions carefully on top of meat. Add a little more tomato soup or stock if necessary. Replace lid and cook 15 minutes longer. Serve hot.

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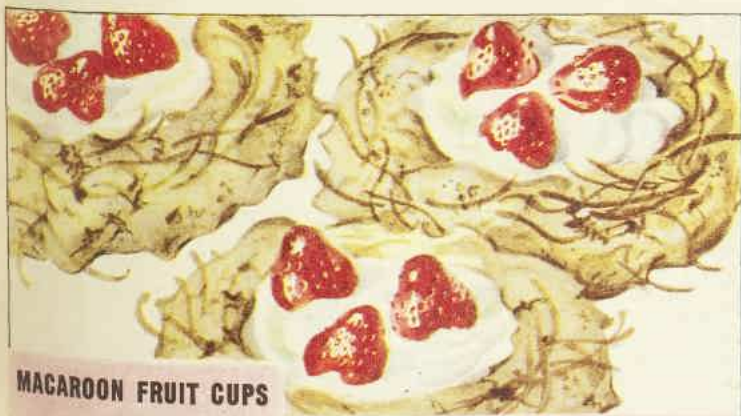
Enjoy that world-famous flavour

Other foods outwear their welcome but — morning after morning — even fussy eaters come back for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Once you taste that deep-down goodness you'll know why! Chances are, of course, you have already discovered that fresh, lively flavour, time-saving convenience and built-in energy. But do you know how good Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste in cooking? These recipes are special, *try them soon!*

... in desserts ... and cookies too



STOP-PRESS News for boys and girls:
Free balloons to make Dood-I-oons in every
large Kellogg's Corn Flakes packet!



MACAROON FRUIT CUPS

2 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Beat the egg whites stiffly, then gradually beat in the sugar. Add the vanilla. Fold in the coconut and Corn Flakes. Cover an oven tray with unglazed brown paper, and shape the mixture into 6 nests with a spoon. If you wish, sprinkle lightly with shredded coconut or almond slivers. Bake in a slow oven about 45 minutes. At serving time, fill with fruit and cream, ice cream, or chilled banana custard. Serves 6.



STRAWBERRY BONBONS

CF-H

4 ozs. shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon strawberry essence (or vanilla), 1 tablespoon strawberry jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup custard powder, 1 level cup (4 ozs.) self-raising flour, 2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes, colored sugar. Cream the shortening, icing sugar and essence. Add the jam and custard powder, then blend in the flour and Corn Flakes. Form into marble-sized balls, pulling them to a slight point. Dip in sugar tinted red with food coloring. Bake on ungreased trays about 12 minutes in a moderate oven. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen cookies.

doing all he could for her. Later tonight that rose tucked in her belt was going to be crushed when he took her in his arms. After all, she was an attractive girl as well as a potential best-seller writer.

During dinner he persuaded her to tell him something of herself. Her father had left her mother, she said. It was the wisest thing to do because it had been an unhappy marriage. Her mother had gone to America, where she was working in a dress shop, and she herself had lived with her grandmother until she had decided to make this break and come to London to write her book.

Nicholas' protective instincts burned ardently. The poor little kid, it seemed that all she had was her sense of humor. He was beginning to forgive that delicious amused laughter at last.

"You've got to make a job of this book," he said earnestly. "We'll do things for you. I promise."

It was as they were leaving the restaurant that a party of young people in evening dress came in. One of them, a tall fair-haired young man whose face seemed vaguely familiar to Nicholas, saw Angela and his face lit with surprised recognition.

"Angela!" he exclaimed. "Where have you been all these months?"

She seemed as if she didn't want to talk to him.

"I'm working, Freddie. I'm busy." She gave him a little wave of her hand.

She took Nicholas' arm. "Someone I used to know," she murmured. "Nicholas, this has been wonderful."

Nicholas forgot the young man with the vaguely familiar face and knew quite certainly that he was going to kiss her before he left her that evening. He did so on the steps of Mrs. Bond's highly respectable lodging house, in the arched shadow of the doorway. Like any pair of street lovers, he thought, and wondered when a kiss had ever been so enchanting.

"Are you coming up for coffee?" she asked.

Continuing Sting in the Tail

(from page 9)

"Nothing," he said, "would induce me to."

"Coward."

"I admit it. Will you have dinner with me again tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow. I'm a working girl."

"Then next week. We'll go to Giro's."

"But, Nick—"

He adored the way she had begun to call him Nick. He anticipated her objection. "My sister will lend you something to wear. When the book is published you can buy yourself half a dozen evening dresses."

She touched his cheek lightly. "You're much more optimistic than I. I do hope you know what you're talking about."

When he suggested to Marion that she should lend Angela an evening dress Marion looked more amused than ever.

"Why, of course," she said.

"If I have something that she will approve of."

"Angela will be grateful for anything. What are you laughing at?"

"I'm not laughing. I'm just delighted that at last you're interested in a girl. She's very sweet, Nicholas."

"Great Scott, how you women leap ahead," Nicholas muttered. But he was not displeased. Privately he enjoyed Marion taking it for granted that he and Angela were more than good friends. It made it seem more real.

There was only one thing that vaguely worried him. He had happened to pick up a copy of "Tattler," and in a photographed group at Doncaster he had recognised the young man who had spoken to Angela last night. It couldn't have been the same person, of course, for this was Lord Folkstone, but that accounted for the vague familiarity of Freddie's face. Did Lord Folkstone know he had a double?

It was not to be supposed that Angela was a friend of Lord Folkstone or a member of that smart set when he saw

how gratefully she accepted the loan of Marion's blue taffeta.

"Angela, you remember that man you spoke to the other night?" Nicholas said casually.

She looked at him blankly.

"Freddie somebody," he prompted.

"Oh, Freddie! Yes?"

"Isn't he ridiculously like Lord Folkstone?"

"Oh, yes. He's always been told that. He enjoys it." Her voice was imperturbable. She looked so young and soft and sweet in the blue taffeta that Nicholas knew the tremendous thing that had happened to him at last. He had fallen in love.

"Will you take me down to Longlands?" he asked.

She gave him a sharp upward look, almost agitated.

"Why, Nick?"

"I'd like to meet your grandmother."

"Oh, yes, of course. If you want to." Her voice became warmer. "Granny would love you. But when my book is finished."

"That's a promise," said Nicholas.

It was a promise, however, that was not to be kept, for it was not necessary for Nicholas to go to Longlands to meet Angela's grandmother. When they arrived home from Giro's that evening all the lights seemed to be burning in Mrs. Bond's house. The front door stood wide open and there was an atmosphere of happy prodigality that Nicholas could not have imagined would ever exist in Mrs. Bond's dreary respectable establishment.

Angela said, "Good gracious! Mrs. Bond is having a party. Let's gate crash, shall we?"

But Mrs. Bond herself, in a dark red silk with a necklace of enormous jet beads wound several times round her plump

throat, met them in the hall. "Miss Martin, dear!" she crooned. "And your nice friend, Mr. Turner." Her protruding eyes rested briefly on Nicholas. "Such a surprise for you," she added.

"What is it?" asked Angela curiously.

"Your grandmother—Mrs. Bond paused impressively,—"the Countess, is here."

Angela gave a small gasp. "Granny! What on earth—"

Nicholas felt her fingers curving round his.

"In the drawing-room," said Mrs. Bond, waving her plump arm in a regal gesture. "We've been having such a lovely talk. All about the old days. The poor little soul, times have changed, haven't they?"

Angela came to life and flashed into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Bond whispered excitedly to Nicholas, "A countess! Would you have believed it? And she such a nice quiet little thing and not saying a word. It seems she wanted to write this book in peace and quiet, but the old lady—the Countess, I mean—was worried about her, and insisted on coming up to see how she was."

Mrs. Bond's excited confidences stopped abruptly as Angela reappeared at the door. "Nick! Do come and meet Granny."

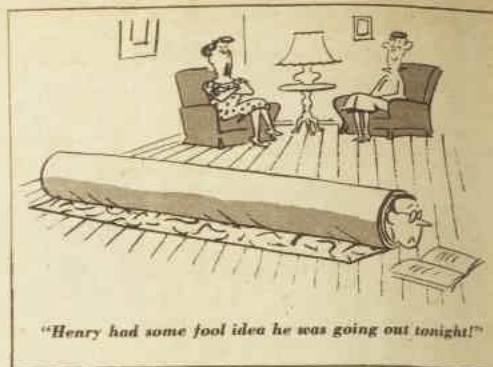
Afterwards, the most incongruous thing of all, and one of which Angela seemed to be serenely unaware, was the borrowed dress. Marion's blue taffeta adorning the slim pampere body of the Countess granddaughter.

Nicholas angrily accused Marion the next morning.

"You knew who she was. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I couldn't, Nicholas. I was sworn to secrecy. Angela particularly didn't want any of her family background getting into her writing career. Anyway, she's suffered enough from it already."

"Suffered?" said Nicholas ironically, remembering the tiny erect figure of Angela's



grandmother, her beautiful courtesy and dignity in Mrs. Bond's over-furnished front parlor, her eyes shining with love and gentleness for Angela.

"Yes. Her father was a rotter, you know. And her mother is trying to make a go of this Fifth Avenue shop. Angela won't take a penny from either of them. She's desperately anxious for her book to be a success so she can make a career for herself."

"She didn't need to carry it quite so far as to borrow my clothes," Nicholas said sulkily. "Poor little rich girl."

"But she did. She hasn't had anything new in an age. I know." Then the annoying amusement came back into Marion's eyes. "The trouble with you is that that colossal dignity of yours has been hurt. Can't you laugh at yourself once in a while?"

But he couldn't. He could only think of the fun he had provided for Angela, who, no doubt, found it extremely dull to be shut in a genteel lodging house writing a book. It had been diverting for her to have him tiptoeing out of the house without his shoes, borrowing dresses for her, giving her treats like a country child come to town, and then springing on him the surprise of the Countess.

He played fair, however. A few weeks later he recommended her book to be published, and fortunately Uncle

Humphrey also liked the manuscript. So Angela Martin was launched in her much-desired literary career. Apart from sundry telephone conversations on business matters, Nicholas was not in contact with her again until the night she gave a party to celebrate her book's publication.

Nicholas went only because Uncle Humphrey had gone and there was no one else to represent the firm.

The party was at the Savoy. Nicholas recognised one or two people, including the fair-haired young man Freddie, Lord Folkstone. Angela came quickly to greet him. She was wearing a white dress, even simpler than Marion's blue taffeta. She had no jewels at all, but only a yellow rose tucked in the bosom of her dress. That, thought Nicholas ironically, would not be crushed by him tonight. The days of kissing Angela Martin in the shadow of doorways had become a fantastic dream.

"Nick," she said softly, almost pleadingly.

"Congratulations," he said stiffly. "I think the book looks very well. We hope it's going to be a success."

"Nick, you're still angry with me," she said sadly.

"Not at all. I hope your grandmother is well."

"Actually, she isn't very. I have to go home. You asked

To page 61

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me once to take you down to Longlands. Will you come next weekend?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Nicholas politely, "but next week—"

"Where's our leading literary light?" called somebody. "Oh, there you are, Angela—"

"I'm leaving for the States," Nicholas finished. "Some other time."

"Of course. Some other time," she said carelessly. "Oh, Freddie, do look after the drinks. You're neglecting people."

It was almost better, he reflected with surprise, when she laughed at him. Then, at least, she was fully aware of him. Her eyes hadn't that far-off look that meant she was thinking not of his refusal to go to Longlands, but of someone's empty champagne glass. The party got bright, and with its progress Nicholas got brighter also.

"You don't laugh enough," he heard someone saying to him.

"Enough!" came Angela's grained voice. "He doesn't laugh at all."

That was the last thing he had heard her say and the last time he had seen her. Now, two years later, he was sitting in the train on his way to Longlands at last.

When he got out at the tiny

Continuing . . .

Sting in the Tail

from page 60

bad news about her new book, sympathise with her over her grandmother's death, and leave in time to catch the four-thirty train back to London.

No one came to open the door. He took the taxi-driver's advice and followed the brick path round to the back garden. The lawn and the bright flowerbeds ran for some distance down a hollow to a brick wall, where there was a cluster of white round-topped beehives.

There was no one about. Nicholas wandered down to the beehives, repelled but fascinated by the busy brown hum coming from within them. He never knew how the bee came to settle on him. Since he had been badly stung as a child he had had a morbid fear of bees, and the shiny brown thing creeping over his coat collar made him panic. He took off his hat and struck at it. The bee buzzed angrily about his face.

Nicholas stumbled backwards, too near to the hives, and the commotion caused a stream of the flashing creatures to emerge, zooming like jet fighters. Instinctively, Nicholas ran. Waving his hat madly he ran the length of the garden and leaned panting against the wall of the house, fending off the angry insects.

Three stung him, one on either eyelid and one on his chin. That was all the damage he sustained before the bees decided that the fuss was about nothing at all and went off on their business. It was more than sufficient damage, for Nicholas was allergic to bee stings. He could feel his chin swelling like an egg and already his eyes were almost closed.

What a thing to happen, he thought furiously, and stumbling round to the front of the house he heard Angela's voice.

"Yes, the delphiniums are particularly lovely this year. I'm so glad. Granny used to love them and it seems especially nice—Why—?" Her voice rose in surprise and pleasure. (Was it pleasure?)

"Nicholas!" Nicholas could just see her between his swollen eyelids. She was with an elderly man who looked like a diplomat. Angela was in a light frock, her hair smooth and shining.

"Your bees—" Nicholas began, but her distressed voice interrupted.

"Nick, your eyes! Whatever's wrong? But my bees wouldn't sting you!"

"Famous last words," Nicholas muttered.

"My dear fellow!" he heard the elderly man exclaiming. "Goodness gracious! Angela, on my way I'll slip into Doctor Gray's and send him along. Bee stings can be poisonous."

"Yes, please do, Judge," said Angela. "Thank you so much. In the meantime I'll get the bluebag. Come inside, Nicholas. You'd better take my arm. You poor dear, you can't see at all!"

Her voice was full of genuine distress, yet beneath it he could have sworn she was laughing. If he could have seen her eyes he would have detected that tell-tale sparkle. Indignation began to seethe in him.

"I'm only here because of your book," he said with some slight vindictiveness. He stumbled on the doorstep and he felt her fingers tightening on his arm, as she no doubt trembled with her hidden laughter.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"My book?" she said quickly. "You don't like it. I can tell by the tone of your voice."

"It isn't me. I haven't even seen it. It's my uncle and he, as you know, has the casting vote. He sends his regrets."

"I knew it wasn't good," she admitted. "I wrote it after Granny died. I can never write when I'm unhappy." Then she said briskly, "Well, my bees will have to keep me after all, so don't be too angry with them."

"You don't mean you live on the bees?"

"And selling flowers. Flowers and honey. What could be nicer? Poor Granny hadn't a penny and you see what's happening to Longlands. Sit down in this chair. I'll get the bluebag. Doctor Gray will give you an injection when he comes. You must be awfully allergic to bee stings."

She went away, and Nicholas, sitting in the low, comfortable chair, could smell pot-pourri and roses. He imagined how pleasant the room must be and listened for Angela's footsteps to come back.

When they did he said, "Was it really true that you only had two hundred pounds, that you had to live in rooms like Mrs. Bond's?"

"Of course. You didn't think— Good gracious, Nick, you didn't think that was all a trick to coerce you?"

Her fingers were cool on his swollen eyelids. Now there was no laughter in her voice and suddenly he wished there were. Suddenly he knew that he loved her laughter, even when it was at his expense, and that during the past two years he had been astonishingly lonely without it.

"Do you remember, Nick," he heard her saying, "telling me that you could get the beginning of a short story but not the end? One night you said, 'This is the beginning.' She moved away for something, then she came back and her fingers were on his eyelids again. 'This is the end,' she said in her soft voice with its undercurrent of laughter."

Nicholas made a superhuman effort to open his eyes. He longed to see her, but his lids refused to lift. All he could see was the pale blur of her dress.

"With the sting in the tail," he said. Then the delicious absurdity of the whole thing struck him. It was the absurdity of the night he had crept down Mrs. Bond's staircase in his stocking feet, of the night the little Countess, seated on Mrs. Bond's dreadful green plush sofa, of this moment when his eyes were stuck tightly shut and he presented a comically disfigured face to the girl who was telling him that she loved him.

"Oh, Nick, that really is funny," she murmured, trying ineffectively to suppress her laughter so as not to again hurt his feelings. But it didn't matter now, for he was laughing, too, uncertainly at first, then deeply, joyously, his inhibitions flying faster than angry bees. His eyes hurt atrociously, he might not be able to open them again for a week, but the situation was purely comical.

He realised that living with Angela would frequently be like this, comedy following on tragedy. She would always laugh in the wrong places. "N-Nick!" she gasped. "It's so funny. The vicar's coming to tea."

Nicholas whooped. "Tell him I can't see him!" And then the only way he could control her mirth was to take her in his arms and kiss her into silence.

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